

I See Alphys, I See Francis

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I See Alphys, I See Francis

by [xandermartin98](#)

Summary

Oh man, this freaking Alphys X Francis (Alphrancis) shipping...I honestly never thought I'd see it absolutely take off like this, but now...well, here we are, and I honestly couldn't be happier about it.

To make an incredibly long story short, if you ever wanted to see some hot steamy action between (and just generally involving) these two in a romantic relationship together, then this is undeniably your best, funniest, and hopefully only bet.

Enjoy, readers! And by "enjoy", I mean "masturbate" XD

Starring:

Alphys and a whole bunch of other characters from Undertale
Francis from Super Paper Mario

Chapter 1

I SEE ALPHYS, I SEE FRANCIS: PART 1

One warm, sunless and peaceful afternoon in the fiery, rocky, blistering-hot depths of Hotland, Alphys was frantically pacing about on the immaculately tiled floor of her adorably anime-decorated lab, making sure everything in there was clean and tidy for Undyne's upcoming visit...only this time, she really wasn't sure if her beloved fish girlfriend actually WAS going to be the one coming over to visit her.

"Every passing day, I start to feel more and more like there's something...not quite right between me and Undyne, honestly." Alphys bent over and shrugged with a deep monologuing sigh as she pulled out a wet sponge from her pockets and scrubbed the last few remaining ramen-broth stains off of her otherwise sparkling-clean floor while Undyne snuck up to her front door and curiously eavesdropped on her through its conspicuously large peephole.

"I mean seriously, she's so constantly and UNYIELDINGLY busy throwing her freaking stupid little SPEARS at literally EVERY goddamned person she sees that she seemingly almost never even BOTHERS to actually spend legitimate quality TIME with me!" Alphys growled irritably, throwing her arms up in the air in frustration as she dejectedly trudged her way over to her messily cluttered, trash-littered computer desk while Undyne crossed her otherwise dearly Alphys-loving arms over her chest and began impatiently tapping her foot on the ground outside.

"And honestly, for the love of God, how many flipping times do I have to remind her that ANIME ISN'T REAL?! Literally EVERY single time she comes over! ALWAYS with the goddamned stereotypical anime-hero enthusiasm! NEVER with the actually making a respectable attempt to properly SPEAK to me like a real f%# ing PERSON! I tell you, I can't bloody STAND it!" Alphys ranted furiously, swinging both of her scrawny little dinosaur arms straight down beside her as she ravenously, frantically rummaged through the massive piles of instant-noodle cups covering her desk and threw them forcefully into the automatically-incinerating trash can next to her desk, clenching her fists and gritting her teeth in anger as the resulting nasty and plastic-smelling smoke fumes from the trash can billowed up ominously into the air.

"And then, OH YES, THEN, literally JUST when I think I've already met THE most obnoxiously childish, egomaniacal, outright BLOWHARD little buffoon on the face of the Earth...freaking METTATON AND PAPYRUS come along! Seriously, WHY can't I have my OWN stupid freaking autism in PEACE without CONSTANTLY spreading it to literally EVERYONE around me like a goddamned cancerous PLAGUE?! For the love of absolute F%# -nuggets, WHY?!" Alphys screamed in horror, curling up into a ball and helplessly sucking her thumb in dismay while Undyne merely facepalmed and rolled her eyes in a mixture of profound disappointment and confusion.

"Alphys, just so you know, I am NEVER coming over to your ridiculously oversized house again until you finally learn that the whole damned world doesn't always constantly REVOLVE around you nonstop like a bunch of freaking ATOMS spinning around a nucleus or however the bloody hell you described it! Until then, you wanna know who's got a freaking EYE on whom? ME, that's who!" Undyne pulled out her iPhone from her pants pockets and angrily tweeted to Alphys on her Twitter chat.

"Damnit, she's RIGHT..." Alphys shrugged and sighed as she briefly pulled out her own adorably Undyne-matching iPhone from her lab-coat pockets to answer Undyne's message with a short and simple OKAY, then lazily and ever-so-miserably slouched into her office chair, with numerous

hypothetical possibilities running through her mind regarding the many, many ways that she could potentially find a workaround for her rather troubling current predicament.

(Well, obviously, one of them was just to simply apologize to Undyne and get it over with right then and there, but NO, of course not; knowing Alphys, there was literally no telling what sort of crazy and horribly misguided experimental thing she would more than likely end up trying next.)

"OOH, I KNOW!" Alphys suddenly realized in a stroke of genius, triumphantly pointing her finger straight up into the air (while shuddering in dreadful disgust at the mere thought of her backup plan to engage in a one-night stand with the horrifyingly hideous Amalgamates down in her basement, of course) as she leapt right out of her seat and headed straight up the back-door-end escalator into the upstairs area of her lab, in which a very strange and peculiar new invention of hers that looked suspiciously like the time-travel capsule straight out of Futurama's pilot episode was housed in the very same exact place where she normally kept her cube-bed.

"With this borderline copyright-infringing new invention of mine, which I have very proudly dubbed as the SOUL-Mate Searcher 5000 (WARNING: ORIGINAL NAME, DO NOT STEAL), I should be able to automatically locate, from literally anywhere in the universe, whomever Toby decided to rip off the most gratuitously and blatantly in the process of creating and designing me...er, I mean, whomever just so happens to be most like me...and teleport them right in here with literally nothing more than the mere touch of a single measly button!" Alphys read diligently off of the extensive script written down on her clipboard as she eagerly inputted the password on the device's keypad, disabling the holographic shielding around its control panel's bright red and literally singular button while she anxiously wagged her tail and hopped up and down with excitement, taking a brief moment to cover her mouth with her clipboard and literally SQUEE at the mere thought of how adorably cute her soulmate could quite possibly end up being.

"Gee, I sure WONDER who THAT might be?" Alphys smugly teased the readers, shooting her classic seductive lizard glare at them and grinning mischievously as she slyly crossed her legs, sassily placed her right hand onto her respective hip, casually leaned over to the side of her and hit the button every bit as nonchalantly as she possibly could with her left index finger.

In an incredibly melodramatic sequence that visibly reeked of purely concentrated video-game-logic nonsense, the energy generated from the machine by Alphys' button press somehow managed to thoroughly travel all the way around and across the entire omniverse within a measly thirty seconds, seeking out Lisa from the Simpsons universe, hunting down Otacon from Alphys' home planet Earth, and then finally settling on Francis (in other words, literally just the green, ugly, male and evil version of Alphys) from the Super Mario universe!

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR LIFE?" the Energorb generated by the machine set itself down on the unoccupied side of Francis' man-cave sofa, which was actually being tilted slightly upward into the air by the disgustingly unhygienic, reekingly fat and sweaty weeaboo loser's sheer weight pressing down on the other side as he lazily sat and gluttonously stuffed his stupid ugly face with Cheetos with his left hand while fapping to...I mean, WATCHING Boku No Pico with his right...and dipping his tail into a cup of cheese sauce that he had just randomly lying around on the floor down below so that he could then proceed to eat its contents right off of his own revoltingly unwashed tail, letting out an incredibly loud burp to top the whole utterly pathetic, Chris-Chan-tacular mess that he had been making of himself for the past several years right off.

"Umm...does building cute little cat-shaped robots, watching anime literally all day and living egregiously off of my mom's retirement fund because I'm too goddamned lazy and selfish to do anything else ring a bell?" Francis asked, blowing his repugnant mayonnaise breath into the Energorb's luckily nonexistent face and causing the poor emotionless thing to scoff in disgust.

"LOOK AT YOU, SITTING IN FRONT OF YOUR TELEVISION SCREEN AND FAPPING ENDLESSLY TO A BUNCH OF F%#&ING GRATUITOUSLY UNDERAGED CHILDREN, WITH CHEETOS CRUMBS ALL OVER YOUR F#\$%ING SHIRT. YOU'RE DUST TO ME. YOU'RE DISGUSTING. YOU'RE F%#*ING SICK. YOU'RE NOTHING. YOU'RE DIRT. F%^# YOU." the Energorb liberally recited a pre-recorded Filthy Frank quote and spat disgustedly in Francis' face.

"Who in the hell would want to do THAT?" Francis clutched his belly and laughed uproariously as he lifted his tail and let out such an unbearably gigantic and nasty fart that it caused his couch cushions to literally come to life, pack their bags and run away, subsequently causing the fat f%#& to collapse ass-first right onto the bare base of his sofa and effectively break the whole damned thing in half.

"HMM...YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT'S ACTUALLY A REALLY GOOD F%#\$ING QUESTION; ONE THAT I DO BELIEVE I JUST MIGHT HAVE THE ANSWER TO." the Energorb laughed as it expanded itself to disproportionately massive size, encased Francis within itself and sent him on his way straight to the blissfully unaware and adorably anxious little Alphys' lab in Hotland.

"EMERGENCY: TELEPORTATION CIRCUIT HAS ENCOUNTERED TEMPORARY BLOCKAGE DUE TO HOW MUCH OF AN INCREDIBLY, DISGUSTINGLY FAT WEEABOO RETARD THE PERSON CURRENTLY BEING CHANNELED THROUGH IT IS." the device informed Alphys in the wonderfully retarded drunken-hillbilly voice of Microsoft Sam, causing her to gasp with shock at the machine's profoundly impudent rudeness while also blushing rather self-consciously in shame.

"Damnit, the freaking thing's sussed me!" Alphys hung her head embarrassedly and hissed lividly under her breath, crossing her arms over her chest and impatiently tapping her foot on the ground just like Undyne had done earlier with her while the machine let out all manner of hilariously constipated guttural groans and noises in a truly desperate struggle to push Francis out.

"You see, this sort of thing is exactly why you should always chew your food, OH MY GOD!" Alphys crossed her arms behind her back and teasingly muttered under her breath (with an obligatory wink at the audience, of course), then suddenly screamed in surprise as Francis, who was indeed every bit as grotesquely fat and ugly as the poor lizard lass had expected ever since the SOUL-Searcher's description of him, tumbled right out of the machine's self-generated wormhole and hit her right in the face, sending the two of them hurtling straight into the nearest wall with a loud CRASH and busting a hole right through it with their sheer combined weight!

"Ugh, my aching constipated ASS...whoa, holy sh#%, who the hell are YOU?! Are you perhaps my long-lost lizard-nerd COUSIN, by any chance?" Francis asked Alphys curiously while the two of them crawled out from the massive unsightly hole that they had just accidentally busted right through the latter's wall and reluctantly got back up onto their feet, swaying dizzily in the process.

"Um...h-hi! I'm Alphys, Asgore's Royal Scientist!" Alphys (who, by the way, was only eighteen at the time and was therefore barely even meeting the Mario universe's minimum age requirement for sexual activity) stammered and blushed adorably, fidgeting and twiddling her fingers nervously from the sheer intimidation factor of Francis' unusually gargantuan size while the despicable bastard licked out gooey, slimy, hairy and miniature-boulder-sized chunks of wax from his ears with his unsettlingly long chameleon tongue and ate them in public while also seductively (and obviously very, VERY creepily) licking his lips and raising his dandruff-dripping eyebrows at her.

"Umm...Energorb? Are you s-s-SURE that this unwashed, putrid, revoltingly hideous f%#^ing

pedophile slime-beast with a maturity level ostensibly somewhere roughly between Chris Chan and Donald Trump during his election campaign is REALLY supposed to be a so-called PERFECT MATCH for a cuddly-cute and adorable little sweetie-pie like myself?" Alphys leaned over and hissed apprehensively into Energorb's nonexistent ear, trembling and wobbling her knees in fear as the horrifically massive and terrifyingly abhorrent monstrosity got onto his awkwardly curved little chameleon tiptoes and slowly but surely drew ever closer to her...and closer...and closer, and closer, and closer, and closer, AND CLOSER-

"Hey, what are you so afraid of, little buddy?" Francis asked Alphys inquisitively, holding out his bony, freakishly long-fingered and pungently sweaty (and onion-rinky, and cheesy, and probably a whole unlistable variety of other things) hand in an oddly welcoming gesture of greeting.

"You're going to freaking RAPE me, aren't you, you goddamned fat bastard?" Alphys nervously asked him, trembling and sweating in helpless fright as Francis forcefully grabbed her reluctantly outstretched hand right into his own and dragged her out through the front door.

"No, you silly goose, of COURSE not; why, I do believe we're going on an OHH-so-precious little pretend date together!" Francis laughed as him and his new victim...I mean, dating partner took a left turn at the first Hotland intersection and boarded the Riverperson's boat.

"Um, SIR? I'm awfully sorry to have to ask you something like this, but are you really SURE that YOU'RE the type of guy that can be trusted around children?" the Riverperson asked Francis intently, brandishing her boat paddle threateningly at him and keeping a rather sternly close eye on him while Alphys tiptoed over onto the boat and reluctantly took her seat, shuddering more worriedly than ever and sticking her tongue out in utter disgust at all of the revoltingly kinky and nasty things that Francis was most likely going to end up forcing her into doing with him.

"Personally, I think a better question would be CAN YOU REALLY SAY NO TO THIS?!" Francis laughed maniacally as he grabbed the Riverperson by the shoulders with his disgustingly sticky (and stinky) hands and forcefully shoved her headfirst into his repulsive, rancid, terrifyingly gaping and pustulently drooling maw, accidentally poking his uvula and causing himself to violently throw up all over her, leaving her sopping wet and dripping with digestive sludge as Francis set her back down onto the ground and stuck his tongue out teasingly at her.

"AIEEEEEEEEEEE!" the riverperson shrieked at the top of her ever-loving lungs, running for dear life and leaving her boat 100-percent free for Alphys and Francis to use for themselves.

"Oh, dear...now that the riverperson's gone, we have no freaking PADDLE to use for this goddamned boat! TELL me, f%# how exactly are YOU planning to get us out of THIS pickle, hmm? HOW?!" Alphys grabbed Francis by the tiredly panting tongue, yanked his face right up into hers and roared lividly at him, twisting his tongue and slapping him right across the face.

"How do you THINK we're going to handle it, smarty-panties?" Francis asked her teasingly, causing her Sonic quills to droop downward, her tail to go limp and her eyes to suddenly go extremely fearful and depressed as she realized exactly what Francis was implying that he was going to do with her.

TWENTY SECONDS LATER...

"I (glug glug) f%#\$ing (glug) HATE you (glug) SO f%#\$ing (glug glug glug) MUCH!" Alphys choked, coughed, gagged and sputtered while Francis held her by the end of her tail and used her as a makeshift paddle for the boat's roughly three-mile journey to the Snowdin boat stop.

"You know, this would actually be pretty funny if it weren't so freaking HILARIOUS!" the dog

head on the boat's mast thought amusedly to itself, biting its canine jaws tightly shut and trying hard not to bust out laughing hysterically at how much of an asshole Francis was as he and Alphys finally reached Snowdin shore, stroking the little dog head's ears and disembarking onto solid snow-covered land in childlike curious wonderment of what they would do with each other first.

"Okay, so first things first, we'd better put on these jackets before we both freeze to death...OH GOD, FRANCIS, PLEASE SAVE ME, I'M LITERALLY GOING TO FREAKING DIE!" Alphys explained as she pulled out a pair of magically fitting size-adjusting jackets from her lab-coat pockets, passed them out to both herself and Francis, and put hers on while he put on his...immediately followed by her suddenly shrieking in terror as the sheer amount of water that she was currently soaked in, combined with the brutally cold outdoor temperature of the general area, caused her to literally freeze solid while Francis just watched in utter amusement and laughter.

"Heya, what's up?" Sans suddenly appeared out of nowhere and greeted the lovable lizard nerds, pulling a portable cordless hair dryer from his coat pockets and melting poor little Alphys right back to normal with its ridiculously, excessively hot maximum-temperature blast of air.

"Guess you could say it's going to take an awful lot more than just my incredibly DRY SANS of humor to BREAK THE ICE between you two when things start to really get HAIRY, isn't it?" Sans chuckled, slapping Alphys on the back while she crossed her arms over her chest for warmth, began uncontrollably chattering and gritting her teeth, and glared at him irritably in response.

"YEAH, HAIRY...JUST LIKE MY 35-YEAR-OLD SCALY NUTSACK..." Francis whispered creepily to himself as he eagerly followed along behind Sans and Alphys on the path back to the former's house, hunching himself ominously over the latter on his dainty little tiptoes, licking his lips and wiggling his fingers maliciously.

Chapter 2

ISAI SF: PART 2

A few minutes later at Sans' house, Alphys and Francis were rather surprisingly-cutely sitting right next to each other on the sofa, french-kissing each other in secret while Sans made them two cups of coffee (one cup of espresso for each of them, to be exact) in the kitchen; meanwhile, Papyrus was busy training himself for Royal Guard duty at the local gym with Undyne.

"OHH, Francis, you're such an utterly deplorable, almost completely unlikable, thoroughly disgusting douchebag version of myself, and I love you oh-so-very much for it!" Alphys moaned while Sans just shook his head and tried not to imagine what the two of them were secretly doing with each other on a daily, perhaps even hourly basis as he set their lovingly filled cups on the coffee table right in front of them and gave them an encouragingly winking thumbs-up.

"Ready, set, DRINK!" Sans laughed, pulling a bottle of ketchup from his coat pockets and guzzling an incredibly large portion of it right down while Alphys and Francis eagerly picked up their cups and began doing the exact same with their coffee...which, as Dean from The Iron Giant put it, was like Coffeezilla.

TEN SECONDS LATER...

"Alright, so Asgore allowed me to skip college entirely because I wasn't fitting in, so now I'm suddenly even MORE not fitting in! I was getting good results from my experiments, y'know, like always, so Undyne said 'YOU NEED STIMULATION!' and I say NO, I'M STIMULATED ENOUGH RIGHT NOW-" Alphys began hyperactively ranting, pacing to and fro all over the living room and frantically sipping her coffee in the process while Sans and Francis both stared at her in dumbfounded amazement.

"THAT'S for sure!" Sans and Francis both agreeingly shuddered and thought to themselves.

"-and then Asgore goes 'NUH-UH, YOU DON'T HAVE A CHALLENGE, YOU NEED A CHALLENGE!' So now I'm CHALLENGED all right; I'm MENTALLY challenged to hold on to my freaking SANITY, cuz of all the big nasty amalgamations of monsters down in my basement who wanna f%#\$ me because I'm a shrimpy dork who thinks she's smarter than them, but I DON'T think I'm smarter; I just do the stupid experiments! If everyone ELSE just did the stupid experiments, they could melt people together into horrifying eldritch abominations and get their pussies violently pounded by whatever happens to be left of the poor victims too; IS THERE ANYMORE COFFEE?!" Alphys continued ranting, even going as far as to perform a wildly hyperactive interpretive dance all over the room before finally collapsing back onto the sofa and eagerly asking for more coffee, with her eyes still every bit as wide open as could be as Francis took her hand and led her right into the very middle of the living room with him.

"Boy, this oughta be a great big load of EYE-POPPINGLY CORNY fun if I do say so myself!" Sans snickered, summoning literal eyeballs on springs from his eyesockets and pulling out a freshly pre-cooked tub of popcorn from his coat pockets as the absolute madness began.

"So anyway, I heard you spend most of your free time wearing footie pajamas and watching Mew Mew Kissy Cutie all day! HAH HAH, Jesus Christ, you're such a fricking pathetic little dork!" Francis pointed and laughed at Alphys, causing her to irritatedly cock an eyebrow at him in response as she eagerly began racking her brain for a properly suitable reply and/or comeback.

"YEAH?! Well, back home, YOU spent literally ALL of your goddamned free time sitting on your couch eating ridiculously fattening foods, pissing people the F%#\$ off on Tumblr and various other social media sites, NEVER taking showers, generally being an absolute disgusting and filthy little manchild pig, AND jerking off to f%#&ing SAILOR MOON and the like, am I RIGHT?!" Alphys ranted furiously at Francis, prompting the two of them to angrily throw their coffee cups across the room in opposite directions, lean forward directly toward each other, and lividly press their pudgy snouts up against each other as their tails and quills began pointing upward with agitation.

"HOLY SHITE!" Sans screamed in surprise, ducking under Francis' bouncy rubber coffee cup right before it hit him in the face. "Geez, that one really BOUNCED back, am I right?" he smugly shrugged his shoulders and winked at the audience while Alphys and Francis continued arguing.

"HA! Are you freaking KIDDING me?! Your anime collection is literally NOTHING compared to mine! In fact, I'll have you know that my current house is, in fact, nothing short of a giant freaking castle...and more importantly, the fact that the whole damned thing is literally MADE out of pure freaking anime fanservice!" Francis laughed maniacally, clutching his chest with glee.

"Yeah, well I have a freaking nerd castle TOO, you know! It's called my LAB!" Alphys yelled angrily at Francis, slapping him across the face in hopes of perhaps knocking some sense into him.

"Oh, give me a BREAK! You can't really expect me to seriously believe that your stupid little LAB, of all things, has the absolute LATEST AND GREATEST in 100-percent anime-neko-kitty-themed defense systems, not to mention literal wall-to-wall anime poster carpeting (WITH bouncing boobs, no less) and glittery pink wallets full of magically meowing, cat-eared f%#&ing credit cards, CAN you?!" Francis rolled on the floor laughing hysterically while Alphys merely facepalmed and shook her head in utter disappointment at just how incredibly "far" the modern-day generation of kids had truly come in society, both in maturity and in usefulness.

"Oh, puh-LEEZE, the only freaking reason why you even HAVE any of that stupid sh%# in the first damned place is literally SOLELY because you had the absolute RICHEST f%#\$ing parents on the whole goddamned PLANET and just so happened to inherit their money from them at the very last second after probably THE most disgustingly spoiled-rotten childhood ANYONE could ever even hope to f%*#ing DREAM of, ALL so that you could just carelessly WASTE it all on f*^%ing ANIME CHILD PORN and the like!" Alphys sneered increasingly angrily at Francis, balling her hands into tightly clenched fists and struggling with all of her hard-earned might to resist the unbearably overpowering urge to pounce onto him like a ferocious neko tiger, violently slug him right across his stupid, ugly, rotten, douchebag face and kick his moldy yellow buck teeth right in.

"Oh yeah? Well, at least MY parents didn't make their living off of selling freaking POKÉMON AND YUGIOH CARDS!" Francis laughed and sneered arrogantly at Alphys, kicking her right in the crotch and causing her to squeal and grimace furiously in downright unbearable pain as she reluctantly reached into her pocket and pulled out her size-alteration ray.

"Try saying that AFTER I KICK YOUR F^#%ING DIRTY ROTTEN WEEABOO ASS!" Alphys roared like Godzilla as she leapt straight up into the air with all of her vertically-challenged might and jump-kicked Francis in the face so hard that it knocked two of his teeth out, knocking him over onto the ground and giving her ample opportunity to shrink himself, crawl into his Mario-power-up-patterned shirt and start dealing massive damage to the various weak points hidden within.

"YOU KNOW, (OOF!) YOU AND (OW!) ME HAVE AN AWFUL (OOOOOOOH!) LOT IN COMMON; WE'RE BOTH (GAH!) FATASS AND F%#&ING DISGUSTINGLY

STEREOTYPICAL (YEOWCH!) WEEABOO TRASH, ALBEIT PERHAPS (KYAAAH!) TO A MUCH LESSER DEGREE IN YOUR CAY-HAY-HAY-HAYSE!" Francis moaned, screamed, yelped and laughed hysterically in a mixture of pain and unfortunate ticklishness, rolling frantically on the floor and smacking all over himself with his hands in an attempt to squash the unwelcome intruder as Alphys scurried about wildly all over his surprisingly wholesome and delightfully scaly chameleon body on all fours with her sticky little lizard appendages, twisted his milky man-teat nipples with her teeth, scampered straight down into his crotch area and chomped right down on his fully exposed big green dick hard enough to leave tooth marks, left scratch and bite marks all over his torso, and even went as far as to travel all the way down his legs and tickle the soles of his bare, unwashed and sweaty feet with her pointy little claws and her ever-so-wonderfully-dextrous lizard tongue.

"Well, Sans is already magically recording this entire unfortunate little DEBACLE of yours on public-television camera for all we know, so let's just take this wonderful opportunity to show the entire world EXACTLY what's going on INSIDE YOUR FAT F%#&ING HEAD, SHALL WE?!" Alphys laughed maniacally as she shrunk herself even smaller, clambered her way up Francis' man-teat cleavage and onto his face, then finally proceeded to crawl right up his nose, eating her way right through all of the nasty sticky mucus gathered up inside until she finally reached his unsurprisingly large brain, climbed up the stem and wormed her way right in like it was nothing.

"GAAAH! Weeb in head, WEEB IN HEAD!" Francis clutched his head and screamed in absolute terror while Alphys just casually waltzed right on over to the central control supercomputer unit in his frontal lobe without a care in the world (causing him to wince and grimace in pain with each footstep, naturally enough and smugly took her seat at the keyboard.

"Oh, FRANNNCISSS, what's your PASSSWORRRD?" Alphys grabbed Francis' internal voice microphone and asked her in literally THE most teasing fashion imaginable, turning on his mental imaging camera, sticking his tongue out mischievously (even for the current situation) at him and offering to strip herself naked for his pleasure if and when he finally spilled the beans.

"It's HI-TECHNICAAAAAL, is what it is- D'OH!" Francis yelled excitedly, then disgustedly facepalmed himself as he suddenly realized how SOUL-crushingly stupid he had just been while Alphys stylishly typed in the already-pretty-obvious password in all of its hi-techical glory.

"Thank you for letting yourself get tricked so phenomenally easily into giving away your password by a silly little lady like me, smoochums!" Alphys laughed teasingly at him as she stripped herself naked right in front of Francis' mental-imaging camera and proudly displayed herself to him, causing him to openly and willingly masturbate himself to a woman who was not only half his age but also very clearly INSIDE HIS FREAKING BRAIN on public television.

"F%#& this sh%#, I'm out!" Sans shrugged his shoulders and chuckled snidely, using his magical powers to turn himself invisible so that no one would be able to see him jerking off to the following events.

"Hmm, let's see what we've got in here..." Alphys playfully teased Francis as she scrolled her way through the poor bastard's memory banks and deliberately picked out all of the most embarrassing and humiliating entries she could find while Francis just flopped down on the couch, hugged one of its Sans-faced pillows tightly, sucked his thumb and trembled in fear.

"Oh dear god, in the name of Tokyo Mew Mew, how could this POSSIBLY get any worse?!" Francis screamed in dreadful horror, beating himself over the head with his pillow and crying in frustration as Alphys clicked the EXPOSITORY SONG and ANIME COSTUME buttons on Francis' control panel, causing his clothing to somehow inexplicably transform into a glittery-pink

anime catgirl costume, complete with the poofy girly skirt and literally everything!

"Umm...I-I CAN EXPLAIN!" Francis stammered mortifiedly with a rosy-red blush and a conspicuously awkward grin on his face, leaning forward and covering his crotch with his hands; meanwhile, his entire television audience had already begun laughing their asses off to their heart's content as the intro to his own notoriously catchy battle theme from Super Paper Mario suddenly began uncontrollably playing in his head, causing him to just-as-uncontrollably start dancing and singing while his audience just gawked and cried tears of joy in amazement.

"I was born into the richest family in my whole galak-SEE!" Francis sang embarrassedly, blushing and sweating nervously in utter humiliation as he stumbled aimlessly around the room in a hilariously, inevitably failed attempt at properly dancing the tango with only one person involved.

"And they loved nothing more thoroughly than to spoil their own kids, CAN'T YOU SEE?" Francis sang as he clumsily twirled his magic wand between his fingers like a magic baton.

"All these years of coddling have made me a wuss who jerks his dick to freaking underaged anime girl PUSS-PUSS!" Francis sang while Alphys began dancing as well in his brain.

"Wasting my parents' retirement cash on my castle-wide neko porn stash!" Francis sang as several pain-induced tears leaked from his eyes from the sensation of Alphys' ridiculously sharp toe-claws against the soft and delicate interior surface of his central nervous tissue.

"At the age of twenty-two, I went trick-or treating as Sonichu, and I'll never ever be able to live it all down!" Francis sobbed, burying his head in his hands as the background music suddenly segued into Alphys Takes Action from the Undertale soundtrack.

"Oh, this is going to be SO much fun..." Alphys smirked maliciously and thought to herself, rubbing her hands together like a fly and continuing to dance as the song's intro finally reached its conclusion, prompting Francis to also continue dancing in only THE most embarrassing fashion possible.

"My daily life consists of nothing but sitting and watching TV on my fat and lazy butt!" Francis sang while twirled about on her tiptoes like ballerina, dancing on the grave of his own already-practically-nonexistent-to-begin-with self-respect while the poor bastard screamed and cried in unbearable agony.

"I was homeschooled for more than half of my whole life, and I've got no hope of having a wife!" Francis curled up into a ball on the floor and sobbed while Alphys gleefully, furiously fingered herself to his absolutely pitiful pain and suffering.

"Like it or not, Alphys is what I'm not! Well-written and not an awful stereotype, THANK GOD!" Francis sang, twirling about on his tiptoes, tripping over his tail and falling flat onto his face while Alphys (and the rest of his audience) rolled on the floor laughing hysterically in response.

"I have nothing better to do than go on boards, and complain about perfectly good games that I've never played!" Francis sang as he literally put his own sweaty, nasty foot into his mouth and began passionately sucking on it, wanting to kill himself from the sheer indignity while Alphys continued fingering herself, moaning with pleasure while Francis internally screamed in pain.

"I'm so lazy that it can't even be expressed in words; when my remote needs to be picked up, I call on my robo-maid!" Francis sang as he twirled around on his tiptoes yet again and struck a Sailor Moon pose while Alphys panted and murred with delight, rapidly approaching the point of sexual climax as her red-hot, blushing face began sweating all kinds of buckets with arousal.

"Sitting on a couch and watching anime and eating junk food by the bucketfuls of lard...is this really how my parents wanted me to grow up, as a fatass autistic retard?" Francis ran aimlessly around the room, flapping his arms like a bird and punching himself in the face took a brief pause from fingering herself to sarcastically shrug her shoulders in reluctant agreement.

"Sometimes, when there's no one else around, I like to wear a dress, and when I do so, I always sing and dance, I must confess!" Francis sang as he stripped himself naked and began prancing about like a forest-green, 35-year-old fairy, causing his lusciously fat and sweaty man-boobs and his big chubby penis alike to bounce and jiggle about like a bowl full of jelly while Alphys struggled desperately to resist masturbating herself any further to his agonizing plight.

"I wish I was an anime princess, cuz then I could sparkle like a great big butterfly in the sun and prance around like a fairy pig!" Francis sang, continuing to prance about the room like Tingle on cocaine while Alphys threw her head back and screamed orgasmically, blasting out a gigantic load of creamy, sticky female ejaculatory fluid all over her fingers and lovingly fingerpainting a disgustingly sloppy heart shape onto the screen of Francis' central control computer with it.

"But alas, I'm morbidly obese and smell like the corpse of a goat; and whenever I look at myself in the mirror, it makes me want to scream in **TERROR!**" Francis sang, accidentally breaking his rhyme scheme as he stumbled back and forth dizzily and exhaustedly from overexertion, his tongue dangling drippingly and sexily from the corner of his mouth while Alphys' did the same.

"Such is my pathetic, sad joke of an existence! Would somebody please just come and kill me in pretense?" Francis curled up into yet another pathetic little ball on the floor, buried his head in his hands and sobbed miserably while Alphys covered her mouth, blushed in ironic shame and giggled adorably as she fervently, diligently licked her own ejaculatory fluid off of her dirty, sweaty hands in honor of her one true love besides Undyne...well, okay, more like a love/hate, but you get the idea, right?

"I'm total trash, I deserve worse than death; now where'd I leave my stinking meth?" Francis raised his head out from his filthy and sweaty palms, clenched his hands and moaned devastatedly to the heavens in despair while Sans literally passed out from sheer arousal.

"LOL, did I mention that there was also a public **BRAIN CAM**? Heh, guess you could say Francis really had Alphys **ON THE MIND!**" Sans snickered, with the audience angrily booing him in response while Alphys redressed herself, crawled back out of Francis' head the same way that she had gotten in, grew herself back to normal size, wrapped her arms around the poor misunderstood bastard and hugged him endearingly, causing the entire audience to immediately go **AWW** in response.

"Oh, you poor lovable manchild f%#&ing asshole, you...if you had a body like Undyne or Mettaton, I would totally f% you for **DAYS...**" Alphys lovingly whispered into Francis' left ear, sticking her tongue seductively into his ear canal and licking out almost half a cup's worth of slimy hairy earwax.

"Umm...who exactly are **THOSE** guys, might I ask?" Francis asked, his outfit suddenly shapeshifting back into its regular Mario-powerup-patterned T-shirt form and somehow teleporting itself back onto his body as he picked his left ear with his finger (despite the fact that it had already been thoroughly cleaned out) while Alphys gave the exact same lovably revolting tongue treatment to his other ear, drooling and licking her lips with delight.

"Oh man, you really do have a **LOT** to learn, pal...come on, you silly goose, let's **GO PLACES!**" Alphys giggled adorkably, patting Francis on the back and stroking his head affectionately as the two of them interlocked hands with each other and eagerly walked out Sans' front door together.

"Can anyone say I SHIP IT LIKE FED-EX?!" Sans laughed maniacally as he suddenly woke up with an incredibly energetic start and sprung right back up onto his feet, his left eye already glowing sky-blue with excitement as he drooled rabidly from his ecto-tongue at the mere thought of all of the wonderful possibilities for this lovely new crack-shipping of his...this crack shipping that he wished had already been properly done a long time ago, might I add.

Chapter 3

ISAIKF: PART 3

At long last, Alphys and Francis finally had their jackets back on and were going back outside.

"So, where do you wanna go first, Fluffyscales?" Alphys lovingly asked Francis, kissing him on the (butt) cheek and nuzzling his penis adorably with her big chubby snout (yes, IN PUBLIC, no less) as the two of them hopped and skipped merrily in great big circles around Snowdin Town together while everyone around them stared awkwardly at the weeaboo lizard couple in both humorous bewilderment and intense sexual confusion, wondering why one of them was so much bigger (and uglier, and grosser, and eviller, and ostensibly older as well) than the other and also biting their jaws in a desperate attempt to not immediately bust out into hysterical fits of laughter at the mere thought of what had just happened between the two at Sans' house.

Speaking of Sans...sure enough, he was creepily, stalkerishly following along behind them as well with his surprisingly advanced and expertly refined sneaking and teleporting skills.

"Hey, writer, let's not go sucking each other's BONES yet, okay?" Sans shrugged and winked at Sander...er, I mean, Xander as he teleported his bony, lazy, scrawny way over to wherever Alphys and Francis were headed for the first major stop on their date...and I mean, seriously, this is Snowdin we're talking about; what could it possibly be, other than the local ski resort?

"Wow, a newly engaged couple immediately heading over to the nearest local ski resort...geez, I must really be SKIING things, am I right?!" Sans pulled out an iBone...goddamn it, I meant to say IPHONE out of his coat pocket and eagerly, snickeringly posted onto his brother Papyrus' Twitter feed.

"SHUT THE F%#& UP, SANS!" Papyrus pulled out his own iPhone from his sweatpants pocket and tweeted back while working himself...sigh...TO THE BONE (trust me, I very deeply and sincerely apologize for that one in particular) on his ludicrously fast treadmill at the gym, somehow sweating his face off despite having no actual skin or glands to speak of.

"Agreed, Papyrus; sincerely agreed." Xander butted into the feed and replied to both of them.

"OOH, IT'S A CUBONE!" Papyrus squealed in excitement as he thumbed over into his Pokémon GO tab and saw a Cubone standing right in front of him on top of the treadmill, distracting him for just long enough to where he lost his balance and slipped right off the treadmill, hurtling backward directly into the nearest wall and leaving a great big Skeleto-shaped hole in it.

"HA! NERD!" Undyne laughed heartily with a triumphant smirk as she gracefully hopped off of her own treadmill (which was "coincidentally" right next to Papyrus'), shut it off and walked smugly out of the room, leaving Papyrus broken and in pieces that the janitor would theoretically have to pick up later.

"AT...LEAST...I CAUGHT IT..." Papyrus whimpered as he dejectedly put himself back together and made it his first and foremost priority to check his Facebook and Pokémon GO statuses.

"Um, actually, on second thought...hey, Papyrus, after you're done putting yourself back together, could you PLEASE come and lend me a hand?" Undyne reopened the door to the treadmill room and asked, looking around and listening intently to make sure that he hadn't already left.

"Oh, let me tell you, my beloved fishy darling; you don't even know the HALF of it!" Papyrus

chuckled and snickered as he unscrewed the hand from his left arm and sent it crawling straight up the inside portion of her right pant leg, much to her incredibly kinky surprise.

"Oh...OHH...OHHHHHH..." Undyne began passionately moaning and blushing as Papyrus finally stepped out from the massive gaping hole that he had just recently made in the wall, his hand finally reaching Undyne's crotch area and lovingly burying itself into her underwear.

"So...any sweet romantic words you'd like to add for my amusement, my dearly precious futanari cupcake? Before this story more or less gives both of us the SHAFT, so to speak?" Papyrus smirked teasingly at Undyne as he curled his left hand's spindly, bony little fingers around the fish lady's throbbing, pulsating, rock-hard erection and began passionately stroking it up and down at full 100-percent certified Papyrus-brand force, causing her fish ears to bend downward in both immense pleasure and humiliated shame as she internally thanked the gods that there just so happened to be no one else occupying the treadmill room at the moment.

(Well, technically, Janitor Gerson was spying on them through the two-way peephole on the door, but you know...)

"You're...using...the wrong...HAAAND!" Undyne shrieked with pleasure, creaming herself so hard that she almost completely drenched her blue jeans as she passed out and fainted head-over-heels onto the floor, leaving a great big puddle of wondrous sticky bliss all over the floor as Papyrus (whose jaw had literally dropped to the floor in dumbfounded disbelief) pulled and tugged his left hand right back out of her pants with his right, screwed it back on and seductively, eyebrow-raisingly licked the sweet, sugary, Swedish, fishy girl-cum right off of it.

"OOH, YEAH...YEAH, PUT THE BEANS ON IT..." Gerson moaned, accidentally blowing out a full half-cup's worth of load from his gargantuan, wrinkly and veiny old turtle penis all over his adorably ugly and dilapidated old face while Alphys' mother (who literally looked just like Alphys except WAY older and had evidently gotten divorced to marry Gerson a long time ago) walked in on him with a very loud "AHEM" and a very deeply disappointed, SOUL-piercing glare.

"OH MY GOD! Err...I mean...o-oh my goodness, what an incredibly STICKY situation...umm...h-how do you suppose all of this GLUE got on my face?" Gerson laughed, licking the cum (which, due to his sheer age, actually tasted somewhat like legit glue) off of his wrinkly, mole-ridden face while Alphys' mother crinkled her own drooping, saggy face at him in disappointment.

ONE INCREDIBLY LONG-WINDED DIVORCE AT THE LOCAL SNOWDIN CHURCH
LATER...

"Goddamnit, seriously, HOW IN THE ACTUAL BLOODY HELL are we supposed to find our way through this absolutely RIDICULOUS freaking MAZE of a forest? For f%#&'s sake, it literally endlessly REPEATS itself!" Francis ranted angrily, jumping up and down and stomping on the ground.

"Calm down, Mister Willferrell Mctomgreen; pay VERY close attention to this exquisitely eroded and crafted rectangular slab of cube-shaped marble rock that literally ALWAYS appears right in the EXACT middle of each...err, well, I suppose we might as well literally call them GRID SQUARES at the rate we're going!" Alphys tapped Francis on the shoulder and reminded him, grabbing him by the tail before he could take off running in circles all over the place again.

"Alphys, for CRYING out loud, we've checked just about literally EVERY single thing that could even POSSIBLY be intended as a clue for how to solve this fucking stupid-ass puzzle, and we STILL haven't come up with anything even REMOTELY conclusive yet!" Francis roared in frustration, crumpling up his map into a crinkly paper ball, shoving it into his shirt pocket and

crossing his arms over his chest sternly as he began impatiently tapping his foot on the ground.

"EXACTLY! Don't you get it, my scaly sweaty love? We STILL haven't QUITE checked everything yet! We need to spiritually INTEGRATE ourselves with the marble! We need to FEEL its PAIN, take a walk in its sweaty, stinking SOCKS!" Alphys explained melodramatically, performing all kinds of weird, crazy and over-the-top gestures with her hands while Francis just groaned, facepalmed and rolled his already-cartoonishly-swirly-due-to-the-glasses eyes in response.

"Oh, for the LOVE of-"

"Oh, YES, Francis, looks like we're going to need to TOUCH the marble!" Alphys explained ominously as she and Francis both lazily placed their index fingers onto the marble.

"How about we try touching the marble INAPPROPRIATELY, seeing as how being inappropriate evidently makes EVERYTHING in the Undertale fandom better?!" Francis laughed maniacally as he unzipped and unbuttoned his clothes, whipped his giant scaly cock out and began passionately rubbing it against the marble, almost like how one rubs a lamp to let loose a genie.

"Alright, if touching it isn't going to work, looks like we're going to have to LICK the marble!" Alphys giggled as she and Francis wrapped their long and slimy tongues all around the entirety of the marble's astonishing height and girth in a massive spring-shaped coil, licking all over its cold rocky surface and piling up a nice big pair of snowballs underneath it just for added effect.

"Well, when all else sex-related fails, looks like the only thing really left for us to do is just straight-up F#%& the marble!" Alphys and Francis laughed dementedly in nearly flawless unison as they used their suspiciously croissant-shaped Power Bracelets to pick up the marble and drop it into a nearby portable bathtub, causing eerily suggestively-placed compartments to open up on all four sides of the massive rocky shaft and reveal exactly one purple, squishy ecto-dildo poking out from each...well, glory hole, so to speak, for a total of four.

"BANZAI!" Alphys and Francis laughed as they both stripped themselves naked and leapt eagerly into the bathtub on either side of where the marble had been placed right in the middle, splashing water all over the place as their fat and ugly yet gorgeously shapen and sexily bespectacled lizard bodies gleamed and glimmered (oddly) glamourously in the aurora light.

"Wow, what an incredibly amazing FEET of engineering, am I right?" Alphys giggled girlishly and slyly winked as Francis as she curled her delightfully plump and gorgeously nail-polished lizard toes around the dildo on her side and began pumping it like a Super Soaker while Francis did the same.

"Personally, I don't know anyone with a freaking LICK of sense who wouldn't wholeheartedly agree with you!" Francis laughed as he and Alphys extended out their long and dextrous tongues, coiled them around the other two dildos and began stroking those two as well.

"ACCESS GRANTED!" the marble suddenly said in a dead-giveaway robotic voice as literally all of its snow filling began violently pouring out through both the dildo-holes and the other much more secret hole atop the gargantuan device, disabling it and returning the forest back to normal (and thwarting Sans' little prank, of course) as they brushed the snow off of themselves, redressed themselves, interlocked hands with each other yet again, and continued skipping merrily along the now-more-or-less-completely-straight-again path to the local (and currently abandoned) ski resort!

"Huh...guess you could say there's really SNOW filling left in that wretched ACCURSED thing...guess it's just how it ROLLS, huh...goddamnit, looks like I'm going to have to RESORT to

some truly freaking DRAG-stic measures at this POINT!" Sans monologued to himself in an ever-so wonderful hurricane of puns as he followed along eagerly and nervously behind them.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN THE LOCKER ROOM...

"Alright, please PROMISE me that you're not going to try and act out (in)famous anime scenes while we're skiing down the mountain together, okay?" Alphys asked Francis worriedly as the two of them sat side-by-side right next to each other on their locker-room bench and pulled on their ski boots.

"Sure thing, partner, I'll do my BESTEST!" Francis laughed, slapping Alphys lovingly on the back and quoting an incredibly obscure YouTube Poop meme from Xenoblade Chronicles (basically anime in video game form) while Alphys glared seductively at him in weirdly ironic disappointment.

A FEW MORE MINUTES LATER, ON THE SKI LIFT, AFTER THE TWO OF THEM HAD FINALLY FINISHED MAKING WEEABOO LIZARD SNOW ANGELS AND PLAYING POKÉMON GO SNOWBALL TAG WITH EACH OTHER IN THE LOCAL FOREST'S PICNIC AREA...

"You see, this right here is the problem with manga books!" Francis explained somewhat irritably at himself, reaching into his shirt pocket (which, just like everyone else's pockets, somehow had basically unlimited dimensional space inside of it for stuffing random objects) and pulling out one of his old Pokémon manga coloring books, the lines and colors of which had already hideously melted a long time ago due to the sheer amount of sweat his hands produced on a daily basis.

"What, the fact that we're both wearing Pikachu hats and Mew Mew Kissy Cutie jackets?" Alphys asked him teasingly, playing with one of the adorable snowball-shaped pom-poms of her fluffy yellow hat and zipping up her glittery-pink, chubbily padded jacket while Francis blushed in embarrassment from the sudden remembrance that he himself was also wearing the exact same thing...again, IN FREAKING PUBLIC OUTSIDE OF AN ANIME CONVENTION, NO LESS.

"No, no, it's the fact that literally every single time you turn a page, the ink residue gets all over your rancid sweaty HANDS!" Francis explained frustratedly, shoving the entire now-worthless book into his ravenous mouth and eating it. "Therefore, ya turn the page, and then ya wash your hands...turn the page, wash your hands, turn the page, wash your hands, turn the page, wash ya hands, turn the-"

"Alright, I think I've heard ENOUGH of that stupid-ass meme for one day, thank you very much!" Alphys groaned, slapping her hand over Francis' mouth to shut him up as the ski lift finally reached its destination at the very towering peak of the profoundly uncreatively-named Snowy Mountain, with Sans (who had just recently crossdressed himself as a woman with blonde George Washington hair, bright-red lips, rosy-pink cheeks and a polka-dotted hot-pink princess dress in the locker room while Alphys and Francis weren't looking) eagerly creeping up like a shadow behind them.

"Greetings, travelers; I am Ariel, a totally original female Sans OC that you are STRICTLY prohibited from stealing, and I come in FLEECE!" Sans chuckled, pulling out his mind-control perfume bottle and spraying it all over Alphys and Francis so that they would actually be gullible enough to fall for his amazingly thin disguise; sure enough, the two of them both just stood right in front of him and absentmindedly, droolingly stared at him like Ash from the Pokémon anime series seeing one of Team Rocket's similarly stupid disguises for the first time.

"Ready, set, Pokémon GO!" Alphys and Francis chanted as the two of them (and Sans, of course) strapped on their skis, grabbed their ski sticks, pulled out their iPhones (well, except for Sans,

obviously, since he was currently the only smart one in the situation) and took off sliding straight down the perilous side of the remarkably tall mountain at breakneck, terminal-velocity speed.

"Wow, who left all of these POKÉSTOPS here?" Alphys wondered, scratching her head as she swerved, bobbed, ducked and weaved her way through frighteningly thick formations of trees while simultaneously catching a f*%#ing PIDGEY on her phone.

"I don't know, but it's super-duper HI-TECHNICAAAAAAL!" Francis yelled excitedly at the top of his snot-nosed lungs as he jumped right over (and spread his legs around) several oncoming rocks, also dodging quite a trees along the way as he caught a f&\$#ing RATTATA on his phone.

"Aww, damnit...holy fricking fricks, where'd that bloody fricking legendary-frick go? I could have fricking SWORN that the fricking game-frick SPECIFICALLY fricking TOLD me that there would fricking BE one right fricking HERE!" SammyClassicSonicFan (who just happened to be standing directly above the exact spot in the Underground where Francis had just caught the latest of his literally over nine thousand Rattatas) ranted angrily, walking around frantically in a circle and flailing his arms about like a disgruntled housewife arguing with her husband about divorce; meanwhile, not a single goddamned thing in the entire northern-Maine forest that he was exploring gave a sh%# in the slightest, not even a Pikachu...or a freaking RATTATA, for that matter.

Meanwhile, back down in the Underground, Sans was busy egging his love interests (yes, LOVE INTERESTS) on while the three of them continued skiing straight down the mountain at breakneck speed; sure enough, the three of them had suddenly hit such an incredibly long, boring and relatively featureless straightaway that even Sans himself could no longer resist the unbearably maddening urge to whip out his phone and play Pokémon GO in the process!

"Pokémon GO...the game that, combined with Metroid: Federation Force somehow COMPLETELY excuses Nintendo's takedown strikes on AM2R and Pokémon Platinum solely because of how unbelievably freaking GOOD and astonishingly true to the series it is..." Alphys rambled in a profoundly South-Park-reminiscent voice, hanging her tongue out from the corner of her mouth and drooling like an idiot while her eyes dizzily and cartoonishly swirled around (adorably) just like Francis' while Sans cringed in absolute horror just from hearing such utterly nonsensical blasphemy escape her normally somewhere-around-200-IQ mouth.

"Yeah, just like how Sans' hair is TOTALLY not a freaking wig!" Francis, who had suddenly recovered from the mind-control spray's influence, growled angrily and very clearly sarcastically at Alphys, putting his phone away and slapping her right back to her senses with his springy chameleon tail.

"Huh? What'd you just f%#&ing say about me, you little bastard? I'm currently far too busy catching the most overpowered incarnation of Eevee in all of human history to even CARE in the slightest!" Sans laughed snidely and smarmily as he finally caught Vaporeon with the mere flick of an index finger.

"Hey, wait a minute, you're not a stupid Sans OC, you're just freaking SANS!" Alphys suddenly realized, gritting her teeth with rage as she angrily shoved her phone back into her coat pockets and hissed at him like a snake.

"What's the DIFFERENCE?" Sans shrugged his shoulders and winked at them, still unable to avert his nonexistent eyes from his stupid, overrated and overly glorified mobile flash game that just so happened to be one of numerous already-existing evidential proofs that Nintendo was quite rapidly going to absolute jack-septic-sh%#, with Mario Kart 8's character roster being another pretty big one.

"Oh, we'll SHOW you the f%#&ing difference, you little SH%#! C'MERE!" Alphys and Francis roared like Godzilla(s) in a unified fit of extreme nerd-rage, completely losing their senses of judgment, pouncing directly onto Sans (while he was somehow STILL distracted by his stupid game that was literally about as much of a Pokémon game as Blast Ball is of a Metroid one, for f%#&'s sake), and tackling him onto the ground, causing the three of them to tangle together into one big, scaly, bony, snowy and furiously, incoherently arguing mess as they rolled and bumped and crashed their way down the rest of the mountain slope together, screaming in horror as they saw the oncoming avalanche that Alphys' and Francis' recent Godzilla roar had caused for them!

"EVEN IF YOU TWO DON'T ACTUALLY WEAR BRACES AT ALL, BRACE YOURSELVES!" Sans yelled loudly in terror as the avalanche hit him and his lizard cohorts, reducing them into nothing more than just a giant, furiously bickering-amongst-itself snowball.

"Oh god, we're so scared! NAAELELEHLEHLEHLEHLULAAH!" Alphys and Francis incoherently warbled at the tops of their ever-loving lungs in true Metal Gear Awesome fashion as they both pissed themselves in fear, causing the entire snowball to turn yellow while the three of them gagged in a profound mixture of both suffocation and absolute disgust.

"Oh god, there's piss everywhere, UGH!" Sans choked and coughed, his face turning a deep blue color in both suffocation and absolute embarrassment while Alphys and Francis desperately clawed their way through the piss-soaked contents of the ginormous snowball that they (and Sans) were trapped inside, luckily making a breathing hole right in the nick of time.

"My dear ever-loving Christ, this is JUST like using Amalgamates for multi-blowjobs; it's the literal visual representation of a horrifically slippery slope that leads straight to STD City!" Alphys screamed in horror, ducking for cover as the massive snowball tumbled its way through a vast multitude of trees, somehow scraping right off of the sides of literally every single one of them until it finally hit the lethally gigantic rock ramp right near the end of the slope, sending Alphys, Sans and Francis hurtling somewhere around at least 40 feet into (and 50 feet through) the air!

"We're flying. WheeAUUUGGGHHH!" Sans and Alphys sarcastically, flatly stated (then suddenly screamed as Francis lost his appetite and puked into the snowball while it was rotating like the inside of a washing machine) as the snowball flew way up into the sky, then finally plummeted back down to the ground, shattering into a million pieces and leaving Sans, Alphys and Francis dizzily sprawled out on the ground like thrown-out old ragdolls.

"Alright, you know what? SCREW YOUR STUPID RELATIONSHIP; I WANNA LIVE! AND ALSO TAKE A GODDAMNED SHOWER, WHILE I'M AT IT!" Sans leapt right back up onto his feet and screamed in horror, turning tail and bolting right out of the general area as fast as he possibly could.

"Well, THAT was certainly something..." Alphys sighed as she and Francis reluctantly, exhaustedly pulled themselves back up onto their feet and trudged their way back to the locker room, with Francis in particular dragging pathetically behind Alphys like a wounded dog.

"Hey, slowpoke, do I really need to remind you that the last one there's a rotten spoiled BRAT?" Alphys jeered playfully and teasingly at her new boyfriend as she ran back to the lodge at an amazingly fast speed (well, about as fast as those adorably stubby little legs of hers were capable of running, at least) while Francis crawled miserably on the ground and passed out from overexhaustion.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, AFTER ALPHYS HAD FINALLY FINISHED GRABBING FRANCIS BY THE TAIL AND HAULING HIS 400-POUND ASS ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE LOCKER ROOM...

"Alright, you pathetic loser; you know what to do, so GET TO IT!" Alphys laughed evilly as she slowly, seductively removed her ski boots, revealing her soggy, green-tinted, sweat-drenched, complimentary socks as she crossed her legs sexily atop the bench, with Francis groveling laughably on his knees and eagerly sniffing her stinky-socked soles down below, pressing his nose right into them and blushing deeply as he suddenly realized just how deliciously, atrociously, vomit-inducingly putrid and awful they smelled after the at least mile-and-a-half long run that she had just done in the ski resort's ridiculously thick and warm shoes and socks, coupled with the utterly revolting amount of sweat that the poor girl's tootsies already naturally produced on a daily basis to begin with; needless to say, his nose was already bleeding quite a bit.

"Umm...I really hate to say this, but can you please remove your socks for me so that I can tend to those adorable little stink-bombs of yours, honey?" Francis asked Alphys intently, catching several glimpses (and whiffs and tastes, of course) of the gorgeously shapen heels, balls and toes of her sexy little feet through the numerous worn-out holes in her socks and drooling ever-so-slightly at the mouth and tapping his right foot on the ground frantically like a jackrabbit as his HOT BABE IN ROOM persona began to rapidly take over his internal thought process.

"Well, what are you waiting for, big boy? These stinky little three-toed beauties of mine ain't just going to suddenly magically reveal THEMSELVES to you, you big WUSS!" Alphys teased Francis lovingly, glaring seductively at the poor, perverted sick f%#& and wiggling her pristinely young and lively little toes at him in just about THE most sexually provocative and enticing manner imaginable, causing his nosebleed to considerably worsen as he finally swallowed his pride with a loudly resounding gulp and pulled Alphys' socks right off, revealing her unbelievably gorgeous naked feet as he excitedly dug right in with his world-renowned chameleon tongue.

"Go ahead, help yourself!" Alphys laughed, scrunching her soft and wrinkly soles and gently relaxing her feet as she pulled out a Lucky Star yuri magazine from her coat pockets, cracked it right open like a bottle of finely aged raspberry wine, and began gaily skimming through its many, many pictures of probably-mostly-underaged naked anime girls while Francis sat down on all fours and began drooling and panting and thumping his feet and wagging his tail like a dog.

"I said HELP YOURSELF!" Alphys sneered angrily at Francis, jamming her left foot forcefully (albeit still quite lovingly, deep down) into his nerdy, ugly face and moaning with relaxation and delight as Francis tended compassionately to her poor, aching soles with his moist, dripping tongue, making sure to dip it into every last nook, cranny and wrinkled crevice of each one so as not to disappoint his royal queen...er, I mean, unironically beloved and oh-so-precious weeaboo girlfriend.

"Start RIGHT here!" Alphys commanded Francis, pointing directly at the bottom of her right heel with her (obviously) right hand while Francis obediently placed his tongue on the exact desired spot and began salivating and slobbering immensely as his raging boner grew (even) harder by the second; meanwhile, Alphys (being bisexual, naturally) suddenly became profoundly unsure whether she wanted to fap to the actual magazine that she was reading or just Francis' unyieldingly, pathetically loyal and desperately servile obedience of her.

"Now work your way up from there...ALL the way up to HERE!" Alphys commanded her amazingly loyal new foot slave, repointing her right index finger at the corresponding foot of hers and slowly but surely stroking it up her lovely bare sole (from the heel to the arch to the ball and then finally the irresistibly dainty, bright-redly nail-polished and adorably wiggling little toes, complete with a gorgeously sparkling silver diamond engagement ring on her middle toe) while Francis degradingly, (almost) regretfully did the exact same with his lovely, lovely tongue, licking all the way up her beautiful bare foot in one fell sweep and kissing her toes lovingly.

"Now do the exact same with my other foot, and so on, and so forth! And don't you DARE stop licking these babies until they're absolutely 100-percent CLEAN, you understand me?" Alphys commanded Francis sternly, pulling out a can of whipped cream from her ass and spraying it all over her delightfully sexy feet while Francis frothed and foamed rabidly at the mouth, immediately burying his entire face into Alphys' filthy, stinky, sweaty, nasty and ever-so-creamy young lizard soles and completely and utterly engorging himself like the fat and gluttonous pig that he very truly was.

"Oh, sweet heavens, you're REALLY freaking INTO this type of kinky sh%#, aren't you, you f%#&ing naughty and cheeky little slut of a boy?" Alphys laughed disgustedly at Francis, flipping flamboyantly through her fittingly kinky and enticing yuri magazine and purring with thoroughly relieved delight as the utterly revolting freak began meticulously licking literally EVERY last miniscule drop of dirt, sweat and lint from her gorgeously wrinkled and seductive soles, then took a brief peek into the massively slimy and jam-loaded little gaps in-between her toes, moaning and squealing with delight as he realized that he had just hit the royal jackpot!

"Honestly, I don't know whether to laugh, cry and/or throw up right now, but what I most certainly DO know is that you are without a doubt the absolute GREATEST boyfriend I've ever had...probably because you're pretty much the ONLY one I've had besides Sans and Asgore! NOW SUCK MY TOES AND SUCK THEM GOOD!" Alphys laughed dementedly, setting her magazine down beside her and slowly, gently fingering herself as Francis grabbed her now-relatively-clean feet (yes, both of them at the exact same time) with his filthy, sweaty hands and shoved them deeply into his mouth, feeling their sexy little toes wiggle against the back of his throat and tickle his uvula something fierce, causing him to violently puke up a fresh, soupy and chunky load of grade-A organic-produce vomit all over them as he licked his own saliva-drenched, regurgitated puke right off of their dainty, soft, wrinkly, soggy and scaly little surfaces, then finally proceeded to move them right back up to the front of his ridiculously massive mouth and passionately suck her toes with his gargantuan, massive, cushiony lizard lips, causing the poor girl (as well as Francis himself) to moan and pant and squirm with loving arousal while desperately struggling to resist the overpowering urge to masturbate themselves to climax.

"OHH, ALPHYS..." Francis moaned and drooled absentmindedly, literally all but losing his own mind from how much the current situation was turning him on and causing Alphys to blush in profound flattery and embarrassment as he took her left sole and began vigorously rubbing his throbbing, pulsating, literally twelve-inch-long, diamond-hard cock against it with delightful glee.

"Well, if this is really what you want, I suppose I can, um, provide...ehehe..." Alphys giggled and stammered nervously (and adorably), glancing off to the side and hanging her head in deeply blushing shame as she sandwiched Francis' firmly erect penis tightly in-between her gloriously sexy feet and reluctantly began giving him the footjob of not one but likely several lifetimes.

"So tell me, Francis; how does it feel to be so utterly dominated and ruled over by a f%#&ing shrimp and dorky little girl who's literally HALF of your age and barely even half of your freaking SIZE? Tell me, you cheeky little cunt, how does it f%#&ing FEEL?!" Alphys growled disgustedly at Francis as she lovingly (yet also hatingly) caressed Francis' surprisingly supple, fleshy and scaly behemoth of an erection, bending it gently and caringly into her soft wrinkly arches, trampling it on both sides with her toes and compassionately, smoothly rolling the balls of her feet up and down the veiny, thumping shaft of his penis (and then finally inserting it into the stinky unwashed cloaca of her vagina) while the kinky bastard moaned and screamed loudly with immense sexual stimulation, breathing heavily and trying desperately not to cum...but alas, it was utterly hopeless; Alphys' feet were simply too much for him to handle.

"SWEET MERCIFUL FREAKING JEEESUSSS!" Francis effeminately shrieked at the top of his

lungs, blowing a literally pint-sized (yes, TWO FREAKING CUPS) load of pure orgasmic seminal fluid into Alphys' baby-maker, putting his hand over his forehead, passing out into unconsciousness and fainting head-over-heels onto the floor while Alphys hopped back down onto the floor, dug deeply into said baby-maker with her fingers, and lovingly smeared his own nasty goopy cum all over his face.

"Well, I suppose that certainly is ONE way to make one's phallic volcano violently erupt, so to speak!" Alphys giggled and blushed embarrassedly as she took advantage of Francis' conveniently timed unconsciousness to grab his big and lovely chameleon feet by the ankles and lovingly worship them to her heart's content for fifteen minutes straight, causing him to break out into an adorably blushy and daydreaming smile as he lovingly dreamt of...well, Alphys slavenly licking and sucking and massaging his feet; seriously, what else did you expect?

"I love you..." Alphys moaned with delight as she licked Francis' rubbery, scaly, dirty and sweaty soles and sucked his long, spindly, uber-flexible reptilian toes something carnivorously fierce.

"I know..." Francis sighed as he laid lazily atop a massive grandfather piano in Alphys' lab, eating grapes like a narcissistic fatass hedonist (which, again, he kind of WAS, if you know what I'm saying here) and crossing his legs seductively just to add even further to the teasing effect.

Chapter 4

ISAISF: PART 4

Needless to say, the minute Francis woke up, Alphys immediately dragged him straight into the locker room shower and...well, made out with him in the shower; again, what did you expect?

"OHH...Alphys, honey, you're literally everything I've always wanted to be..." Francis lovingly whispered into Alphys' ear as the two of them playfully splashed water and seductively lathered body wash all over their naked lizard bodies whilst wrapping themselves tightly in each other's warm, sweet, literally hugging embrace. "You're smart, funny, sexy, actually a good f%#&ing character..."

"And who says you can't be the SAME, darling?" Alphys teasingly whispered back, lovingly smooching Francis on the cheek and causing him to blush adorably with embarrassment as the two of them rubbed bars of soap into each other's nasty armpits, causing Francis himself to wince in utter revulsion as he pulled his out from his armpit and saw it almost completely covered in sweaty nasty hair.

"Um...basically EVERYONE in your fandom, as far as I'm concerned?" Francis sighed dejectedly, hanging his head in shame as he lathered conditioning shampoo onto his head (yes, despite not actually having hair up there at all) and rinsed it off while Alphys systematically did the exact same.

"Well...alright, look, it's really none of my business, but really, who CARES what those creeps think, you know what I'm saying? They don't make you what you are, YOU do! You ARE what you CHOOSE to be, so JUST! DO IT! MAKE! YOUR DREAMS! COME TRUE! GODDAMNIT, WHAT IN THE HELL ARE YOU WAITING FOR?!" Alphys suddenly began motivationally shouting at Francis, grabbing him by the shoulders and shaking him violently as hot-water-induced steam billowed in heaping portions from their lovingly mingling bodies, inexplicably forming an almost perfectly heart-shaped cloud right above them...and in that very specific moment, Francis knew how much he and Alphys, deep down, really did just absolutely love each other to death.

"Alphys, I just want you to know that you're the only true love I've ever had outside of anime and Internet roleplaying; seriously, it's as if you're literally my sister from another mother!" Francis giggled and snorted with delight as he finally turned the temperature knob all the way back down from whence it came and shut the shower clean off, leaving the two of them soaked and dripping with soapy, watery love.

"Hmm...so, does this basically mean that you would literally put yourself into a borderline-pedophilic incestuous relationship with me without hesitation if that were actually the case?" Alphys asked Francis nervously, shuddering a little as he wrapped his tongue tightly around her, lifted her up in front of his dorky, pustulent face and wetly, sloppily smooched her with his lips.

"Of course, my little darling, of COURSE!" Francis laughed merrily as he set Alphys back down onto the floor while the poor girl twitched her eyelids and gagged ever-so-slightly from the numerous profoundly disgusting mental images that the creepy asshole had just brought into her mind as he lovingly patted her on the head and stroked her like a fluffy little neko-kitten.

Needless to say, the rest of their afternoon in Snowdin from there on out was quite the fun one.

ABOUT A HALF-HOUR LATER, AT THE LOCAL SNOWDIN FOREST LAKE...

"Damnit, I never thought that FISHING, of all things, could be so ridiculously freaking HARD! Why does Zelda always make everything look so goddamned EASY?" Francis groaned and growled frustratedly, gritting his teeth with rage as he brandished his fishing pole angrily and threw his clearly baited hook, line and sinker into the water for what felt like at least the millionth time in the past fifteen minutes...but alas, he was so incredibly gross and ugly, even AFTER finally taking his much-needed shower, that none of the fish even WANTED to go anywhere near him!

"Well, tough luck, I suppose...honestly, I'm barely even getting any fish on MY line myself!" Alphys sighed and shrugged, reeling her hook back and forth in utter boredom and disappointment. "Let's just hope one of these things has an unbearable NERD fetish of some sort..."

"Say, s-SPEAKING of w-which, I-look what I f-found swimming around in here!" Francis stammered in terror as he suddenly pulled up the fearsome Undyne from out of the lake!

"HEY, WHAT THE HELL'S THE BIG IDEA HERE?!" Undyne yelled furiously at both of them, her nostrils flaring as she bit down hard on Francis' hook and was flung into the boat from there.

"Also, WHY am I so horrifyingly turned-on right now? I...I feel like such a total shameless cuck..." Undyne shuddered awkwardly and thought to herself, blushing with ironically flattered embarrassment as Alphys and Francis both wrapped their wimpy little arms around her amazingly tall and strong yet laughably shrumpy and scrawny little fish body and hugged her, wrapping their tongues tightly around her in opposite directions and french-kissing each other lovingly in the process.

ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER, AT THE LOCAL SNOWDIN TOWN (N)ICE CREAM SHOP...

"Greetings, my wonderful customers! Please do tell; what flavor of gooey, creamy and OHH-so-sticky-and-sweet bliss would you like to get yourselves this fine afternoon?" Nice Cream Guy asked Alphys and Francis, stroking his fluffy bunny ears adorably as he reached down and grabbed his trusty scoop and a pair of ice cream cones from the cabinets behind the counter.

"OOH, OOH, ANIME FLAVOR, ANIME FLAVOR!" Alphys and Francis hopped up and down and begged him like a pair of hungry, starving dogs, causing him to roll his eyes and facepalm in response.

"Sorry, cutie-pies, but I'm afraid that there IS no such thing as anime-flavored nice cream!" Nice Cream Guy shrugged his shoulders and sighed while Alphys and Francis hung their heads in disappointment.

"AW, COME ON, PWETTY PWEEEEASE?" Alphys and Francis crooned and squeaked adorably, squeezing out fake tears, poofing out their lips and glaring at him with twinkling, glistening anime puppy-dog eyes while he tried not to let his heart melt from how sickeningly cute they were.

"Okay, FINE, Alphys, you can have your stinking chocolate-strawberry nice cream!" Nice Cream Guy groaned reluctantly, reaching into the choco-strawberry nice cream vat with his scoop, scooping out two nice big scoops into Alphys' cone and handing it to her while she manually deposited exactly 50 gold from the bank account on her phone into his own as payment.

"Now, as for YOU, on the other hand, I have a VERY special surprise for you!" Nice Cream Guy pointed over at Francis and whispered creepily to him in a profoundly rapey voice tone.

"OOH, PLEASE TELL ME IT'S A SECRET ANIME GIRL STRIP CLUB DOWN IN YOUR BASEMENT!" Francis danced around and squealed fangirlishly, prompting everyone in the entire

restaurant to glare at them in confusion while Nice Cream Guy just rolled his eyes.

"OH, no, my dear friend; I've got something even BETTER planned for YOU!" Nice Cream Guy laughed with a big smile and a wink as he grabbed Francis by the arm and dragged him out the back door.

"Gee, I sure WONDER what that surprise might be?" Alphys glared and winked sassily and teasingly at the readers, crossing her legs and licking and sucking seductively on her ice-cream cone like the overglorified lollipop that it was while Nice Cream Guy began moaning loudly outside.

TWO MINUTES LATER, OUT BACK, RIGHT NEXT TO THE DUMPSTER...

"OHH, YEAH, you f%#&ing ugly big-lipped motherf%#^er, suck that damned Nice Cream cone like you suck your mother's rotten saggy TEATS!" Nice Cream Guy moaned, blushed, panted and drooled intensely as Francis puckered his lips into a nearly perfect circle right around the spongy, veiny, formerly cocaine-coated shaft of his penis and lovingly sucked and sucked and licked like there was no tomorrow; yes, indeed, everyone in this scene was still fully clothed somehow...well, except for the fact that Nice Cream Guy had pulled down his pants, obviously.

"Mmm...this is without a doubt the absolute most deliciously plump and moldy SAUSAGE I've ever had in my entire fatass lazy weeaboo LIFE!" Alphys moaned with delight as she crawled face-up and backwards through the gap between Francis' legs, licked his hairy scaly balls, and deepthroated his big green dick so forcefully that it caused her to throw up half of the nice cream that she just eaten all over his gargantuan horse cock while he moaned and squealed and squeaked and whinnied with pleasure as he began sucking Nice Cream Guy's dick even harder.

"What you are about is experience is undoubtedly the absolute greatest, most delicious Nice Cream flavor IN THE WHOLE GODDAMNED WORRLD!" Nice Cream Guy shrieked orgasmically as his dick spasmed and gushed out almost half a cup of...AHEM...vanilla-flavored Nice Cream (presumably how the regular Nice Cream, the Underground's equivalent to ice cream, secretly got its name) right down Francis' throat in a great big...well, waterfall (sigh).

"MmmMMMMMMFFF!" Francis licked his lips and hummed with delight, then suddenly grunted orgasmically in surprise as his dick climaxed and shot out a full eight-ounce cup of sweaty lizard sperm into Alphys' slutty, buck-toothed mouth, causing her to moan and blush with delight.

"CHECK, please!" Alphys sprung right back up onto her feet and laughed smarmily while Francis and Nice Cream Guy gave each other a high-five of reluctant but wholesome approval.

ABOUT FIVE MINUTES LATER, IN WATERFALL...

"So tell me, Francis, where exactly DID you come from, if you don't mind me asking?" Alphys asked Francis curiously, the two of them having already taken off their jackets and reverted back into their regular outfits to accomodate for the sudden rise in temperature as they erotically walked barefoot across (the first half of) the massive precipice bridge where King Asgore's castle could very clearly and famously be seen glowing by crystal-light (which, of course, was exactly what the entire area was illuminated by) off in the vast distance.

"Well, the Mario universe, for one thing...but more specifically, I actually LIVE in a very special and weird place called the Bitlands, where literally everything except for the animals and people looks like it was literally ripped straight out of an NES (or maybe SNES if you're being generous) game!" Francis explained, blissfully unaware of the fact that (first of all) most of the people in his universe, not to mention Undertale's, already WERE technically animals, and (second of all) he had

basically just exactly described the art style of the game that he was currently in, only with "Omega Flowey and some of the special effects" replaced with "people and animals".

"Hey, look, it's Walt Disney's, I mean, Asgore's castle!" Alphys tapped Francis on the shoulder and excitedly showed him as the two of them sat down side-by-side and gazed upon the colossally towering structure's intimidatingly majestic and regal beauty together.

"Ooh, is it full of hypersexualized anime women and giant robots?! PLEASE TELL ME IT IS!" Francis squealed excitedly, bouncing and fidgeting about and wiggling his toes wildly with frenetic energy from the cocaine that he had just recently snorted off of Nice Cream Guy's firmly e-shreked penis.

"Um...WELL...let's talk about that LATER, okay?" Alphys stammered and blushed embarrassedly, biting her nails and sweating intensely as she struggled internally to suppress her unrelenting multitude of dirty thoughts about Toriel and Mettaton...the latter of which was actually her own creation, and thus technically her own son; seriously, what in the actual f%#&?

"Anyway, as you could clearly see earlier, I live in what can only be described as Hotland...well, at least, when someone as bad at naming things as King Asgore is the one doing the describing, that is!" Alphys chuckled, choking on all of the lizard cum that she had just recently swallowed and reluctantly clearing her throat as she continued speaking.

"Basically, if you've ever seen Norfair and Magmoor in the Metroid series, it's pretty much just a more futuristic version of the latter, minus all of the weird alien sh%#!" Alphys explained while Francis just scratched his head in confusion and struggled to remember what those two areas looked like because all he really knew extensively about Nintendo was Mario, Zelda, Pokémon, Fire Emblem, Earthbound, Smash Bros and Xenoblade (IE all of their big meme franchises).

"Umm...what do Magmoor and Norfair look like, exactly?" Francis asked Alphys curiously, scratching his chin and almost-but-not-quite having good-enough taste in video games to remember what she was talking about.

"TAKE. A WILD. FREAKING. GUESS." Alphys growled through clenched teeth as she roughly grabbed Francis by the arm and dragged him over to the one and only major blockage on the road to Hotland...an approximately eight-foot-high rock wall that really served only as an excuse to make Monster Kid actually useful for something in the official Undertale game.

"Come on, get on my hairy, sweaty, grotesquely hunchbacked weeaboo shoulders!" Francis ran over to the wall and beckoned welcomingly to Alphys...which, coming from anyone else, probably would have sounded sarcastic, but Francis made it sound dignified somehow.

"WRONG ORDER, pal; YOU'RE supposed to be the one going first here, you idiot!" Alphys walked over to him and scolded him, gently smacking him across the face to rustle some sense into him.

"DURR...UH...WHY?" Francis drooled like an idiot, causing Alphys to groan and facepalm herself...especially since she had actually seen, in person, how big of a brain was really being stored in Francis' head; clearly, he was just too much of a sad lazy f%#& to actually properly apply himself into society...and no, I totally wasn't thinking of Sans when writing that description.

"Because you weigh FOUR HUNDRED FREAKING POUNDS and would probably stand somewhere around at least SEVEN GODDAMNED FEET TALL if you weren't constantly f%#&ing HUNCHED OVER all the goddamned time, you motherf%#&ing, cock-sucking, sh%#-licking ASS-for-brains!" Alphys grabbed Francis by the left corner of his shirt collar and hissed

lively into his corresponding ear.

"You mean if I stood up straight like THIS?" Francis chuckled, straightening his back and standing (surely enough) whopping seven feet tall as he clambered up over the wall with his (oddly) handsomely skinny and spindly arms and legs, involuntarily lifting up his curly tail and fully exposing his bare, scaly-smooth ass, thighs and soles to her in the process...which, of course, caused Alphys to shriek in sudden arousal as blood violently sprayed and leaked in copious amounts from her nose!

"OHH, what a lovely, DREAMY view..." Alphys blushed and crooned adorably, wiping the resulting leak of nose blood off of her face embarrassedly with her sleeve and plugging her nostrils up with tissues as she walked over to Francis and reached her stubby little arms straight up toward him with an adorkably buck-toothed, nerdy and blushy smile on her face.

"After YOU, sweetie-pie!" Francis laughed merrily, squatting down on his knees like a frog, reaching down, grabbing Alphys' adorable hands with his own, and lifting her up onto the literally higher ground up above, where he was standing!

"So tell me, honey; what would you like to do with me next? Besides F%#&ING me, that is? Umm...HONEY?! What in the actual unholy f%#& is wrong with you, might I add?!" Alphys pulled out her iPhone from her lab-coat pockets and asked Francis (who was stalkerishly tiptoeing along behind him with hands clenched, fingers wiggling and tongue licking lipslike a total pedophile) as the two of them crossed Waterfall's infamous wooden bridge maze using the world-class GPS app on Alphys' phone...which, of course, eventually ended up leading them into an outright dead end, followed by a ridiculously long pitfall onto an oddly-specifically-placed bed of flowers in the local Waterfall garbage dump, breaking their fall in just about the most unrealistic way since Final Fantasy VII.

"Darling, I'll have you know that there's nothing wrong with me; I'm just taking a walk on the WILD side of the Internet for a change!" Francis laughed, patting Alphys on the back and then suddenly tackling her headfirst onto the ground and french-kissing her all the way into her throat with his tongue while she borderline-involuntarily did the exact same to him in a fit of pure, unrequited, and perhaps even more-than-mildly narcissistic love and adoration for him.

"I love you..." Alphys whispered romantically into Francis' ear, nibbling teasingly at his quills.

"I know..." Francis sighed, cradling Alphys in his arms like a sweet little baby and kissing her.

"Of course you do, senpai, of COURSE you do..." Alphys blushed and whispered lovingly to Francis, slinking up behind him, climbing up his still-mildly-hunched back and sinking her big dorky buck teeth deeply into the back of his shoulder; so deeply, in fact, that she ended up piercing the skin and drawing fatty cholesterol-loaded blood, which she then proceed to passionately, gluttonously suck from the gushing wounds like a weeaboo vampire!

"GYAHHHH!" Francis shrieked and yelped in pain, clutching his right shoulder with his opposite hand and desperately trying with all of his might to pull his maniacally, terrifyingly obsessive new lover off of his violently bleeding shoulder, which she was clinging to more tightly than a hungry tick with superglue on its legs. "Good god, was going inside my f%#&ing HEAD, taking control over my body and publicly humiliating the unholy BEJEEZUS out of me over at Sans' house REALLY not enough Francis-torturing for one day of your sad stinking weeaboo LIFE?!"

"NYAH!" Alphys giggled and blushed adorably evilly, digging her claws even deeper into Francis' skin as the poor guy lightheadedly trudged his way through numerous piles of strewn-about garbage with the lovably psychotic little crackhead in tow...when suddenly, in one particular pile of

garbage near the dump's exit, he came across a rather suspicious-looking (not to mention sickeningly cutesy and colorful) anime DVD case titled Mew Mew Kissy Cutie 2, with pathetically desperate claw-marks that looked very, VERY much like Alphys' covering its edges.

"Umm...I c-can explain!" Alphys laughed and blushed embarrassedly as she finally removed her teeth from Francis' now-aching-and-tender shoulder and began massaging it lovingly with her hands.

"You don't need to explain; I've already seen WAY more than I needed to!" Francis groaned, sighed and facepalmed himself, shaking his head disappointedly at Alphys' extreme impudence and ironic lack of proper respect for Japanese pop culture, with Alphys dorkily smooching him on the shoulder and climbing back down onto her adorable little feet as she and Francis went around the next U-Turn into basically the very same fast-travel area that he and Alphys had previously used to get to Snowdin, where the Riverperson was standing sternly atop her dog-boat, crossing her arms and angrily glaring at them with grim-reaperishly hooded eyes.

"Look, I'm sorry for almost eating you earlier, okay?" Francis explained to the riverperson, hanging his head regretfully and blushing in shame as he gently placed his hand atop Alphys' chubby little head and stroked her quills like the warm, fluffy fur of a kitten.

"Trust me, this little miniature me here has actually been teaching me quite a few things that I never previously knew about myself since then; can you PLEASE just find it in your heart to forgive me?" Francis got down on his knees, put his hands into prayer position and desperately begged the riverperson like a dog, crying and blubbering like a baby whilst doing so.

"OH, FOR THE LOVE OF- NO! JUST NO! NOW GO AWAY AND SHUT UP BEFORE I FREAKING STAB YOU!" the riverperson finally snapped, tackled Francis face-up onto the ground in a fit of unbridled rage and yelled furiously at him, pulling out a knife from her robe pockets and threatening to slit Francis' almost-nonexistent neck with it.

"PWEEEEEASE?" Alphys pounced onto the Riverperson, tackled her onto the ground in a fit of panic and cloyingly squeaked like a baby mouse as she poofed out her lips, puffed up her already-chubby cheeks and stared directly into the poor reaper's SOUL with her adorably sparkling puppy-dog eyes.

"Ugh...FINE..." the riverperson groaned, rolling her eyes and sticking her tongue out in revulsion from how disgustingly cute Alphys could be at times as the three of them filed into their seats and yelled out the magic word ABRACADOGRA, causing the dog-boat to immediately take off yipping and barking all the way over to Hotland, where the adorkable lizard nerds disembarked and finally headed back home with the yellow one warmly and gently cradled in the green one's loving arms.

"OPEN SESAME!" Francis commanded the front door to Alphys' lab, causing it to raise itself right open as the poor guy handsomely waltzed right in and set Alphys down on the floor.

"Hey, wait a minute, honey, where the hell are you going?" Francis gasped in surprise as Alphys rudely snatched the Mew Mew Kissy Cutie 2 DVD case out of his hands and took off running all the way across the lab, where she then took the escalator up onto the second floor while Francis followed along confusedly behind her.

"I'm going to set things RIGHT between us, is what I'm going to do!" Alphys chuckled merrily as she reluctantly put her newly recovered Mew Mew 2 DVD case back into its original place right next to the vastly superior Mew Mew 1 on her anime-DVD-collection...oh, pardon me, I meant to say HUMAN HISTORY shelf and hastily ran over to her wardrobe to change herself.

"I'm going to show you my true COLORS!" Alphys chuckled as she unbuttoned her lab coat and threw it right off, revealing her gorgeously curvaceous and scaly-smooth body (with plump, rounded buttcheeks and lovely, bulbous breasts to match) and nakedly twirling around and dancing for Francis' amusement as she decided which copy of her polka-dotted black dress to wear for their obligatory evening dinner date.

"Wait, you don't know what you're DOING...well, besides making my freaking NOSE bleed like crazy, that is!" Francis stammered nervously as he suddenly uncontrollably sprayed a metric crapton of blood from his nose, blushing deeply and covering his intensely dripping nosebleed with his hand while Alphys pulled out the least dirty of her dresses and slipped it right on!

"Alright, so...how do I look, sweetie-kins?" Alphys crossed her legs and asked Francis teasingly, fluttering her eyelashes seductively at him while he just nodded his head, stuffed his nose with tissues and gave the somewhat uncomfortably sexy lizard lass two great-big thumbs up in loving approval.

"Like a crossdressing fatass man-whore that suddenly grew lady parts and turned into the absolute hottest goddamned thing I think I've ever seen in my sad and miserable life." Francis replied as Alphys took him by the finger and dragged him down the (other) escalator with her.

"Now that's EXACTLY what I like to hear!" Alphys laughed and smirked mischievously (but ultimately well-intentionedly), grateful that someone had finally GENUINELY complimented her for something truly meaningful other than how cute she was as she and Francis walked right out her front door together, took a sharp right turn at the intersection and headed straight up (one of) the Hotland elevator(s), where they then made their way straight into the world-renowned MTT Resort!

Chapter 5

ISAI5F 5

"GREETINGS, PATHETIC EARTHLINGS!" Francis laughed, busting right through the incredibly elegant glass front door to MTT Resort while everyone else in the general vicinity of the lobby room (including Alphys, of course) groaned and facepalmed themselves in profound second-hand embarrassment.

"IT IS I, YOUR GREAT AND POWERFUL RULER FRANCIS!" Francis laughed hammily, melodramatically and stereotypically evilly, publicly thrusting his pelvis and causing his gargantuan behemoth of a penis to unabashedly swing to and fro with glee while everyone gawked in utter disbelief at just how much of a pathetic douchebag he really was. "RULING OVER THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE WITH BOTH DIRECTION, MAGNITUDE AND LONGI-"

"Jesus foot-licking CHRIST, would you PLEASE shut the ever-loving F%& up before you say and/or do something so goddamned stupid that it actually ends up being the thing that ultimately pushes me to the point of jumping headfirst into the Hotland Lava Sea and killing myself?" Alphys grabbed Francis by the collar and hissed lividly into his ear while everyone in the lobby room stared soul-piercingly at them in bewilderment and extreme annoyance.

"Okay, OKAY, FINE! Just as long as you don't freaking HYPEREVOLVE INTO GODZILLA AND RIP MY GODDAMNED LUNGS OUT or some sh%#! SHEESH!" Francis threw his arms up in the air and groaned angrily as he and Alphys walked over to the back-right corner of the room, where the entrance to Burgerpants' world-famous in-hotel restaurant was located.

"What in the hell do you WANT from me?" Burgerpants gasped and stammered in shock, cowering behind the ordering counter as Alphys and Francis barged in loudly and greeted him.

"ALL OF YOUR STINKING MONEY, AND YOUR STUPID CLOTHING TOO! HAND IT RIGHT OVER, IMBECILIC PEASANT!" Francis pulled up the back of his shirt collar over his head and yelled ridiculously ham-fistedly at Burgerpants, exhibiting a brand-new sexual-frustration-induced persona that could only be properly referred to as The Great Assholio.

"LISTEN up, pal, and listen REAL good: do you want me to f%&ing SHOOT your stupid ass? Because I f%&ing swear to god, if you even DARE to lay a SINGLE goddamned sweaty, weeaboo, poopsocking, ass-plug FINGER on me...HOO boy, let me just tell you right here and now, you are REALLY not going to freaking LIKE what happens next, you HEAR me?!" Burgerpants ranted furiously, falling over backwards, crab-crawling up against the back wall of the room, pulling a fully loaded revolver out from his pants pockets and threatening to blow Francis' stupid-ass autistic weeaboo brains right out with it.

"ARE YOU THREATENING ME?!" Francis growled infuriatedly at Burgerpants as he unbuttoned his at-least-quadruple-extra-large-sized shirt, ripped it right open and began howling like a retarded werewolf with Down Syndrome as he proudly displayed his bulbous, jiggling, sweaty, milk-secreting man-tits to everyone in the general vicinity while Burgerpants went green around the gills, twitched his lower eyelids disgustedly and almost threw up in response.

"Francis, for the love of God, JUST TELL HIM WHAT WE FREAKING NEED!" Alphys leapt onto Francis' shoulders and began slapping him silly in a very serious attempt to knock some sense back to him before it was too late...but alas, it was to no avail, as Alphys soon learned just after Francis grabbed her by the tail and uncaringly flung her right back down onto the floor.

"I am the great and powerful ASSHOLIO!" Francis dramatically announced to everyone in the room with a proud American salute while Papyrus, who just so happened to be working in the background kitchen of the restaurant, could be heard audibly TCH'ing in response.

"And what is it you need?" Burgerpants sighed and shrugged exhaustedly, lighting a cigarette and popping it irritably into his mouth as he set his right elbow down on the counter, rested his head on the corresponding hand and suddenly started having numerous flashbacks to Beavis & Butthead.

"I need spaghetti! SPAGHETTI FOR MY NOSE-HOLES!" Francis gallantly commanded Burgerpants, striking several random karate poses and accidentally kicking Alphys right in the face!

"INDEED, HE DOOOOES!" Alphys screamed as she hurtled across the room in slow-motion, bloodily losing several of her teeth and crashing right through a nearby wall in the process!

"OH MY GOD, YOU POOR THING! Are...are you okay?!" Burgerpants gasped in sympathetic horror, leaping over the counter, pulling out Alphys' lightly disfigured, heavily bruised body, worriedly cradling her in his arms, stroking her gently and smooching her lovingly on the cheek. "Oh, don't worry, you poor baby, it'll all be okay...it'll all be alright...Daddy loves you..."

"Dad, in the name of all that is Mew Mew and Kissy and Cutie, why, oh WHY must you utterly EMBARRASS me so?" Alphys gagged disgustedly, rolled her eyes and blushing groaned at him.

"Why must you always hang out with such utterly embarrassing F%#&ING FRIENDS, YOU GODDAMNED WORTHLESS PIECE OF DOG SH%# THAT IS SECRETLY MY DAUGHTER?!" Burgerpants asked and then suddenly screamed his ever-loving, severely bipolar head off at Alphys, clenching his hands around her throat and violently strangling her in a fit of uncontrollable rage.

"Oh, believe me, pal; you don't even know the diddly-darned blue-balled HALF of it!" Papyrus chuckled amusedly as he began stirring the pasta ingredients together (yes, believe it or not, the MTT Resort HAD, in fact, actually bothered to give him proper culinary training this timeline) and cooking them like the seasoned pro that no one ever could have guessed he would end up becoming.

"All I know right now is that I really want to just f%#&ing end my life and die already..." Alphys sighed, burying her head in her hands and sobbing gently as Burgerpants reluctantly set her back down onto the floor and sent her on her way to wherever the hell she was headed next.

"Me too, pal, me too..." Burgerpants sighed even more dejectedly than Alphys, buried his head deeply into his hands, kneeled hopelessly onto the floor and began bawling his painfully exhausted, bag-riddled, thoroughly bloodshot eyes out in dismay.

"HAH! You think THAT'S bad? I, the great Assholio, will have you know that I am, in fact, only thirty-five measly years old and I've already wasted my entire life several times over!" Francis laughed maniacally as he walked out the door, causing Burgerpants to cry even harder.

ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, AT THE MTT RESORT DINING AUDITORIUM...

"Jesus, how f%#&ing long is it going to TAKE for Mettaton to get his goddamned DAILY dancing routine ready, for crying out loud?" Alphys groaned miserably, banging her head against her table in frustration while Francis played Tetris on his Gameboy and muttered his utterly retarded new self-imposed nickname under his breath while Burgerpants brought out the little

dorks' spaghetti on fancy-ass fine china straight out of Mettaton's former college/orphanage donation funds and closed his restaurant for the rest of the night so that he could not only get some rest later on but also spend some interesting, quality time with his daughter.

"Alright, listen up, pal: I'm really starting to think that there might actually legitimately be something seriously unnatural going on in that annoying dumbass' head right now, so psst psst psst..." Alphys leaned over, cupped her hands and whispered into Burgerpants' ear, passing him one of her numerous spare size-alteration rays underneath the table and darting her eyes back and forth anxiously to make sure that there was no-one watching or eavesdropping on them; meanwhile, Francis had just turned off his game and was now busy sticking noodles up his nose and giving himself a stereotypically Chinese nose-hair mustache, adding the macaroni-shaped top part to it with yellow marker as he leapt up on top of the fancy glass table, crushing and shattering the entire thing under his sheer weight and causing Alphys and Burgerpants (as well as everyone else in the room) to lurch backward and scream in terror while he greedily devoured the rest of his spaghetti plate, then grabbed Alphys' and began pouring the entire contents of IT into his mouth as well while Alphys clenched her fists and gritted her teeth with rage.

"HEY!" Alphys yelled angrily at Francis (despite knowing almost for a fact that the way he was currently acting wasn't actually his fault) while Burgerpants used the size-alteration ray to shrink himself to small-ant size and desperately clawed his way through all of the lethally sharp glass rubble and debris that was currently surrounding the spot where Francis was standing while Alphys began...CHEWING Francis out, as unfunny douchenozzles like Sans would say.

"Look, f%#&ing dickhead; there were two, yes, TWO kinds of food on this table! MINE and YOURS!" Alphys lectured Francis angrily, shaking her fist at him and gesturing indicatively toward herself and then him with her pointy little index finger while Burgerpants used the magical sticky properties of his paw-pads to clamber up onto Francis' upside-down-L-bent left heel-toe and rapidly climb his way up the corresponding leg to the poor Alphys reject's left knee while he was distracted.

"If you gotta eat one of them, then please just eat your own, okay? More importantly, however, what you currently have IN YOUR FREAKING DIGESTIVE SYSTEM! WAS MINE!" Alphys yelled at the top of her lungs, reaching into her pocket and accidentally pulling out a shrink ray instead of a normal gun...much to her dismay when she shot herself right in the side of her head with it and, instead of simply dying, found herself not only no bigger than a small field mouse, but also face-to-face with the most grotesquely horrifying and massive monster she had ever seen.

"Don't open your eyes, Burgerpants; whatever you do, for the love of God, PLEASE do NOT open your freaking EYES..." Burgerpants repeatedly, nervously chanted both internally and externally to himself as he made his way up the rest of Francis' incredibly gross, sweaty and nasty body and crawled as slowly and sneakily as possible into his right earhole while the poor clearly possessed bastard was busy looking back and forth and wondering where Alphys had gone.

"Okay, Plan B; senseless terror! WAAAUUGGHHHH! NYAAAAHHHH! OH MY GOD, THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING, THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING! WHY ME, WHY ME?!" Alphys (as well as everyone else in the room besides Burgerpants) immediately turned tail, ran as fast as her legs could possibly carry her, and began screaming and crying desperately for dear life as Francis caught sight of her and began rampantly chasing her around the room, nearly crushing her like a bug underneath his massive feet several times, until he finally had her helplessly pinned-up against a wall with nowhere left to run.

"No, no, no, no, NO NO NO!" Alphys stammered and yelled in fright, cowering hopelessly against the wall while Francis shot out his ridiculously long and sticky tongue, grabbed her right off of the

floor and pulled her straight into his rancid, filthy and unbelievably disgusting mouth!

"Oh my dear LORD, I literally don't think it could even POSSIBLY smell worse in here!" Alphys screamed in horror, her entire body shriveling up, bleeding from literally every single orifice and nearly dying from how unspeakably awful the stench inside Francis' mouth was as she immediately pulled out a gas mask from her coat pockets and strapped it on while he grabbed her yet again with his tongue, set her firmly onto his bottom row of rotten, moldy, yellow-and-brown teeth and began slowly, surely, ominously lowering the upper row toward her while she curled up into a ball and cowered in fear...that is, until she finally decided to actually grow some legit BALLS for once and (at least make an admirable attempt to) properly stand up for herself!

"YOU'LL NEVER EAT ME ALIVE, YOU WICKED DOPPELGANGER SON OF A FAT, UGLY, MORBIDLY OBESE AND REVOLTINGLY GLUTTONOUS BITCH!" Alphys roared furiously in a fit of pure unadulterated rage as she firmly planted her (bare) feet on Francis' repugnantly pustulent, festering, cavity-ridden and slime-coated teeth, placed her hands on the top row, and began forcefully pushing his upper and lower jaws away from each other with all of her might...but alas, with her being the shrimpy little dork that she was, it was predictably to absolutely no avail; surely enough, she very quickly gave in and was forcefully, agonizingly crushed in-between Francis' massive rows of upper and lower buck teeth.

"UGGHHH...GOD, THE PAIN...THE INDIGNITY...THE UNBEARABLE SUFFERING...THE OUTRIGHT REVOLTING F%#&ING FETISHISM...THE ABSOLUTE DEFILEMENT OF MY PERSONAL FAVORITE DRESS...WHY...JUST WHY-HY-HY-HYYY?!" Alphys moaned and cried and screamed in sorrowful, indescribably painful despair, trying her absolute hardest (and failing miserably, naturally enough) to stop herself from literally throwing up her entire lunch in disgust as Francis began mercilessly grinding her (and her chunky goopy vomit, of course) in-between his grimy, algae-growing, plaque-oozing teeth and chomping her forcefully.

"PLEASE, SOMEBODY...ANYBODY...SAVE ME! GOD, HELP ME! PLEASE LET ME OUT OF THIS HORRIBLE F%#&ING NIGHTMARE, I'M BEGGING YOU! FLIGHTS OF ANGELS, PLEASE SEND THEE FROM THY WRATH! PLEE-HEE-HEE-HEEASE!" Alphys continued screaming and crying and praying to God for her current predicament to finally end as soon as possible as she crawled her way up onto the black-slime-mold-dripping roof of Francis' mouth and clung herself tightly onto his bloated, swollen, pus-secreting, meekly dangling uvula, closing her eyes and holding her breath in revulsion as Francis' hairy, crusty, yeast-infected tongue lifted itself from its spider-infested resting place and began licking her, causing Francis' uvula to swing back and forth like a punching bag while Alphys struggled desperately to retain her grip.

"NO...NO...NOOOOOOOO-HO-HO-HOOOOOO!" Alphys screamed at the top of her ever-loving lungs as she finally lost her grip, slipped right off of Francis' uvula and fell straight down his throat!

"Goodbye, cruel world...it sure was awfully nice knowing you...wait, HUH?!" Alphys sighed and shrugged hopelessly, then suddenly gasped in surprise as she tumbled and fell right through Francis' gullet at terminal velocity to what initially seemed like certain death...only to suddenly begin to notice, as she neared her landing, that Francis' stomach was actually completely empty and almost totally devoid of acid somehow!

"EWWWWW...now I know how an unwilling victim of Muffet's nasty f%#&ing VORE fetish feels..." Alphys winced and stuck her tongue out in disgust as she landed on the soft, fleshy, spongy inner surface of Francis' stomach and looked curiously around herself to find...

"YOU GUYS?!" Alphys gasped in shock (and also retched in revulsion somewhat) as he found the

very same exact group Amalgamates that she had been talking about in her coffee rant several chapters earlier; Memoryhead, Lemon Bread, Endogeny, Reaper Bird and Snowdrake's Mother, all warmly and cozily stowed away in the unaware Francis' aching belly, where they had presumably been feeding off of literally everything that he had eaten in the past day or so like parasitic tapeworms.

MEANWHILE, DEEP INSIDE FRANCIS' LEFT EAR CANAL...

Having absolutely no suitable tools or abilities on hand that would give him any sort of way to break the eardrum barrier and reach Francis' middle and inner ears without being detected, and already having spent a rather undesirable amount of time fruitlessly attempting to cut a hole through the tympanic membrane with his claws, Burgerpants finally lost his mind and snapped like a twig!

"Francis, PLEASE; for the love of Mettaton, PLEASE tell me you're still somewhere in there, PLEASE! I'm freaking BEGGING you for Christ's sake!" Burgerpants knelt down on both of his knees yet again and screamed and yelled and cried at the top of his lungs, pounding and pounding and pounding away at Francis' precious little eardrum with his fists and ripping large portions of his own earwax-speckled fur out in frustration while Francis doubled over onto his knees, clutched his head with both hands and began loudly screaming and crying in unbearably agonizing pain; meanwhile, whoever was currently controlling Francis' brain at the moment suddenly heard conspicuously large amounts of obnoxious noise and vibrations being filtered and channeled in through the poor weeb lizard's aching auditory nerves and made him publicly dig all the way into his left ear with the corresponding index finger in an attempt to fish the (equally) unwelcome intruder right out in a nice big glob of wax and eat him!

"WARNING: Structural integrity of left eardrum at approximately twenty percent!" Francis' brain warned its new controller as Burgerpants left a multitude of ruptured, bleeding cracks across the surprisingly soft and fleshy surface of said eardrum, causing the poor guy to squirm and writhe and gently weep on the floor in absolutely unbelievable pain and agony.

"HERE, fishy fishy!" Francis (his controller not paying proper attention to the computer's advice at all, luckily) laughed teasingly as he forcefully shoved his long, spindly and freakishly bony index finger all the way down his ear canal, in hopes of finally catching Burgerpants with it!

"HOLY SH%# NUGGETS!" Burgerpants screamed in terror as Francis' finger poked him right in the surprisingly resilient chest, pushing him backward into Francis' already severely fractured and damaged eardrum at extreme velocity and causing the poor lizard weeb to shriek at the tops of his mucus-congested lungs in an almost humanly unimaginable amount of pain as copious amounts of blood (not to mention bits and pieces of his completely ruptured and shattered eardrum) began pouring out through his ear, causing his controller to actually genuinely feel extremely bad for him and therefore take a brief coffee break to reflect on what he had just done; meanwhile, Francis just stood perfectly still and remained right where he was, with his finger still in his ear and everything, since his current predicament had literally made him too afraid to even move a muscle. Luckily, this (intentionally) gave Burgerpants the perfect opportunity to break free of Francis' sticky, waxy-coated finger and make his way into the poor scaly bastard's brain from there to "surgically" remove whatever foul beast was currently possessing it.

"Oh boy, looks like I'm gonna have to make like Mr. Fanservice and go completely SHIRTLESS now!" Burgerpants chuckled as he hastily unbuttoned his MTT uniform shirt and slipped right out of it, narcissistically admiring and kissing his own handsomely lean and muscular chest as he crawled into the extremely complex and delicate inner workings of Francis' ear and making his way right through his cochlea and semicircular canals with shockingly immense ease!

"I'M A LITTLE NOODLE-CUP, SHORT AND STOUT!" Francis dizzily stumbled back and forth and sang absentmindedly as Burgerpants finally reached the thing that he had REALLY been wanting (and needing) to see all this time: Francis' incredibly easily-manipulated brain!

Chapter 6

ISAI SF 6

"Alright, so let's see here...where should I start?" Burgerpants thought to himself intriguedly as he gazed in awe upon Francis' incredibly massive (yet also insanely f%#&ing stupid and dull-witted) brain and eagerly climbed his way up the stem and cerebral cortex until he finally reached the very top of the big old knowledge-sponge, admiring the wonderful anatomical view all around him and immediately letting loose a good solid chuckle upon noticing the fact that even Francis' freaking EYESOCKETS were somehow literally shaped like a pair of nerdy eyeglasses!

Meanwhile on the inside of Francis' brain, the totally-not-completely-obvious mystery person who just so happened to be controlling it at the moment shrugged his shoulders, crossed his arms over his chest, crossed his bony legs atop the dashboard of Francis' central control supercomputer and was just about to finally fall asleep...

when all of a sudden outside, almost completely out of nowhere, Mettaton FINALLY arrived onstage (in his freaking BOX form of all things) and reluctantly stood right next to his new weeaboo lizard guest star Alphys...er, I mean, Francis, shocked at what he saw remaining of Alphys' and Francis' former dinner table as his typical insanely loving and rabidly loyal swarm of fans came pouring excitedly into the room, blissfully unaware of what was really going on inside Francis' body at the moment.

"Oh my bejeezus, who on this dear and beloved Earth would even DARE to mar the absolutely stunningly beauty and handsomely gorgeous metallic grandeur of my absolutely wonderful face in such a profoundly cockamamie and asinine fashion as THIS?! For shame, I say, for SHAME!" Mettaton posed his arms fabulously, pointed at the broken table (which, just like all of the other ones, was of course shaped like BOX Mettaton's face) and yelled furiously with the true egomaniacal passion of...well, a celebrity-douchebag robot version of David Bowie, how's that for description?

"However, I digress; contrary to popular belief on your parts, there is currently absolutely NO NEED for me to be NEEDLESSLY crying over spilt milk and redundant statements right now, for as you can see, I have a rather quite...INTERESTING new boyfriend to attend to!" Mettaton explained teasingly, blushing and giggling embarrassedly at the boyfriend part while at least half of the entire audience jokingly yelled out the words "HA! GAAAYYY!" in response.

"BOO!" the audience booed disgustedly on Francis' behalf, throwing a multitude of Glamburgers and rotten tomatoes all over him while he seemingly purposefully walked right into every single one, causing the entire audience to scratch their heads audibly in confusion.

"NOW, now, COME ON, guys; at least he's handling his mistake like a mature and respectable ADULT! I mean, honestly now; even if the person we're talking about is basically just Alphys with more or less everything actually good and redeemable about her mercilessly stripped away, the fact that he's been on his best behavior still at least counts for SOMETHING, right? Or DOES it?" Mettaton pretentiously waxed philosophical to his audience, turning his back on Francis and giving Sans ample time to mind-control him into sneaking up behind Mettaton and flipping his transformation switch.

"OH MY GOD. DID YOU. JUST FLIP. MY SWITCH." Mettaton gasped in utter shock and amazement as he clutched his head and began shaking violently, before finally exploding in a brilliant flash of light and completing his METTA-morphosis into the single most handsome

robotic man in the galaxy!

"Umm...M-Mettaton? Are y-you okay?!" Francis gasped and stammered in utter shock and terror, worried that he had accidentally messed something up really badly and ended up killing the poor robotic superstar in the process as literally every light in the room suddenly went out.

"OHHHHHHHHH, YESSSSSSSS..." Mettaton moaned orgasmically(?) as the stage spotlights suddenly came flaring on, revealing his unsettlingly gorgeous humanoid EX form that literally looked like a genetic robot fusion of Michael Jackson and David Bowie while Burgerpants and Sans alike both gawked in absolute amazement at the wonderful celebrity view through Francis' eyesockets.

"Um...so...do we finally get to DANCE yet?" Francis asked Mettaton slightly irritatedly, groaning and tapping his foot on the ground impatiently while the audience agreeingly did the very same.

"NOPE! Not so fast, my already-dearly-beloved darling!" Mettaton laughed teasingly at Francis, literally pulling a clipboard and pencil right out of his sexy ass (compartment) and handing them politely to him.

"Firstly of all, I'm afraid you're definitely going to have to at least INTRODUCE yourself!" Mettaton smirked inquisitively at Francis, stroking his lovely, flowing, glittery, sparkling, ridiculously effeminate black hair with his fingers and sticking his tongue out at the poor result of a horrifically failed cloning experiment on even poorer little Alphys in trademark Metta-fashion.

"Oh dear god, all these freaking questions...I CAN'T EVEN LOOK, I'M TOO SCARED!" Francis whined like a baby, curling up into a ball on the floor and childishly sucking his thumb and trembling with utterly needless stage fright like a total wuss while Sans, Burgerpants and Mettaton groaned and facepalmed themselves, blushing deeply with second-hand embarrassment.

"Hmph...looks like I really am going to have to quite literally FILL IN for him after all, am I right?" Sans shrugged his shoulders, turned toward the readers and laughed with a sly wink as he forcefully mind-controlled Francis into filling in his identity sheet, since the fat scaly f%#& was apparently too much of an immature, lazy prick to actually man up and do so of his own accord.

ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

"HERE you go, kawaii desu KUUUN!" Francis crooned in an obnoxiously nasally and high-pitched falsetto (seriously, it was almost hard to tell how much of what he was doing was actually his fault and how much of it was Sans') as he handed the identity sheet back to Mettaton with his name, his age, his experience level, his birthdate and birthplace, his (lack of an) occupation, his Social Security number, his current place of residence, and a big drooling smile.

"Hmm...so, according to this sheet, I'm apparently supposed to believe that YOU grew up as one of the most handsome and popular kids in your entire school? Ha, FAT chance!" Mettaton laughed snidely at Francis, smacking him across the face with his clipboard as punishment for lying.

"Well, actually, I was technically homeschooled my entire life, so-"

"Oh, well in THAT case, YOU'RE HIRED!" Mettaton laughed merrily, patting Francis on the back and clearing his throat as he began (one of) his (many) obligatory dramatic and ominous monologue(s) about himself while everyone around him began booing angrily in response.

"Now, you surely know how much I LOVE to be fashionably late, but this right is something else entirely; something much more...FABULOUS!" Mettaton took Francis by the hands and whispered

handsomely to him, glaring deeply and teasingly into his bespectacled eyes.

"If you flipped my switch...why, that can only mean one thing! You're DESPERATE for the premiere of my new BODY, aren't you? Hmph...how RUDE!" Mettaton snickered with a devious smirk; meanwhile, deep inside poor Francis' violently growling and aching stomach, Lemon Bread grabbed Alphys by the back, wrapped her arms around her in a mockingly hugging fashion and began thrusting her melting, determination-oozing penis into the poor lass' vagina while Snowdrake's Mother (well, her chest-babies, that is) sucked her milky lizard teats lovingly.

"Well, if that's you want, then I certainly won't hesitate to make your first living moments with me...ABSOLUTELY BEAUTIFUL!" Mettaton laughed, grabbing Francis by the arm and dragging him behind the back stage curtain into the backstage room where all of the makeup, costumes and props were located; meanwhile, Alphys and Reaper Bird were busy giving each other footjobs.

ONE MINUTE LATER...

"My, my, look at you, you irresistibly handsome and delightful BEAUTY, you!" Mettaton laughed sarcastically at Francis' expense (after all, Francis was now disturbingly wearing diamond and pearl earrings and bracelets, gold and silver finger and toe rings with ruby, sapphire and emerald jewels embedded into them, red and blue lipstick, black and white fingernail and toenail polish, a blondish-yellow women's wig, and a platinum-crystal glitter dress) as the two of them hastily stumbled back out onto the stage while Endogeny was busy licking Alphys' naked body with head to toe to boobs to butt to pussy with his dripping, slimy tongue.

"Indeed, I AM THE GREAT CROSSDRESSED ASSHOLIO! I need OREOS for my MOUTH-hole!" Francis announced furiously to everyone in the room as he pulled the back of his dress collar over his head, bent his arms at right angles and put his hands up on either side of his head with the palms facing out in an incredibly stupid pose, causing the entire audience to almost roll on the floor laughing their ever-loving asses off while Memoryhead lovingly raped Alphys with his tentacles.

"And on that amazingly hilarious note, without further ado, let's finally get this delightful show on the ROAD, shall we?" Mettaton chuckled, taking Francis by the hand and eagerly waiting for the wildly cheering crowd to finally settle down so that he could begin his show in peace.

"Readers, I apologize DEARLY in advance for you having to see this, but sometimes a man's just gotta do what a man's gotta DO, you know what I'm saying?!" Burgerpants awoke from his slumber atop Francis' massively soft and spongy brain and blushed humiliatedly as he eagerly threw his pants/underwear right off and reluctantly inserted his rapidly hardening and stiffening cat penis into the vast network of folds and wrinkles in the poor lizard's central nervous tissue.

"Oh, my wonderful darling...sir, do you mind if I call you Alphys?" Mettaton asked Francis teasingly, grabbing him by the tail and ankles and fervently, erotically licking the soft, scaly soles of his feet while the obligatory sexy tango music began blaring loudly in the background.

"Oh, not even in the SLIGHTEST, madam!" Francis giggled and blushed as he twirled around playfully and handsomely with Mettaton, bent him over backwards and french-kissed him wetly, drippingly and lovingly.

"WELL, then...Alphys, I must say, you are the absolute ugliest yet simultaneously HOTTEST freaking thing that I think I've ever seen! Boy, you'd better believe that this isn't a family show anymore; it's an all-you-can-eat SMUT show!" Mettaton laughed excitedly as he wrapped his arms lovingly around Francis' big chubby body and gave him an even sloppier french kiss.

"Oh, Mettaton, you just make my TAIL curl with pleasure!" Francis moaned with arousal, drooling

at the mouth rabidly and excitedly as he threw his dress right off while Mettaton seductively pulled his high-heeled boots off, rendering both of them completely naked as the audience cheered loudly and nosebled in unanimous approval, bewilderment and amazement.

"Damnit, this was supposed to be a DANCE show, but you just turned it into...whatever the hell THIS is supposed to be! You cheeky freaking BOY, you!" Mettaton giggled and blushed embarrassedly as he and Francis sat down across from each other and began giving each other simultaneous footjobs while lovingly stroking each other's hair with their fingers.

"Well, it's still at least better than NOTHING, am I right? Especially since I'm finally, at long last, getting to f%#& a freaking AUTOBOT!" Francis moaned and blushed humiliatedly, his eyes swirling with delight as Mettaton extended and bent his neck downward and began sucking the scrumptiously sweat milk from his luscious lizard man-teats while Francis began violently ramming his scaly, rock-hard lizard erection into Mettaton's cavernously, voraciously gaping mangina; all the while, deep inside Francis' stomach, Alphys was busy stroking Endogeny's innumerable dick-legs with literally every part of her body possible while all of the other Amalgamates joined in the act as well, causing the poor jellyfish-dog to howl and moan loudly with pleasure!

"Wow, what the hell was THAT noise?" Mettaton asked Francis jokingly as he suddenly grabbed the fat, crossdressed f%#& by the legs and flipped him upside down, causing the lower end of his skirt to fall down and reveal the entirety of his lovely legs, crotch and ass as he warmly, passionately sucked his scaly, throbbing cock and lovingly licked the leftover cum residue from the previous orgasm right off of it while the Amalgamates dipped and rolled Alphys in the resulting massive pool of drool-cum from Endogeny's orgasm like a chubby little french fry and then ecstatically lick it right off of her beaten, battered, chewed-up, mentally tormented, naked body.

"Oh, don't worry about it, it's just my stomach acting up again because of how DEATHLY hungry I am right now!" Francis laughed with ticklish delight, squirting out yet another massive load of cum right into Mettaton's equally warm, gooey, saliva-coated mouth while Lemon Bread scooped the heavily injured and agonizingly exhausted Alphys right up into her slimy, Determination-dripping arms and tossed her right into her disproportionately gargantuan mouth.

"D-DO YOU REALLY...H-HATE ME...T-THIS...M-M-MUCH?!" Alphys moaned and whimpered in dreadful agony as Lemon Bread chewed her up like bubblegum (AGAIN, might I add) between her massive, towering rows of black, moldy, slime-oozing teeth and ejaculated her disgustingly filthy and rotten plaque-juice all over the poor girl's body (again, FREAKING AGAIN) through the tips of her rancid, festering slime-teeth, (happily) accidentally swallowing her this time!

"Whoops, looks like I accidentally swallowed the filthy lying RAT this time!" Lemon Bread laughed and clutched her perpetually melting and oozing belly with amusement while Alphys tumbled painfully down the dimensional rift in Lemon Bread's esophagus and landed smack-dab in the middle of her throbbing, pulsating stomach, essentially forming vore inside of vore!

"WELCOME TO MY SPECIAL FREAKING HELL, EVERYONE! DOESN'T IT JUST LOOK LIKE SO MUCH GODDAMNED FUN?!" Alphys laughed maniacally at the readers, twitching her eyelids wildly, clutching her head, crying and screaming in terror, and writhing dementedly on the gooey, fleshy floor of Lemon Bread's stomach while a multitude of digestive tentacles extended out from the horrifyingly grotesque beast's digestive membrane, wrapped themselves tightly around her wrists and ankles, and began brutally raping her every which way while Lemon let out a long, disgustingly loud burp, patted her belly and triumphantly struck a Starman pose...and then, of course, began furiously stroking her ragingly erect dick to Alphys' dreadful pain and suffering, just

to add extra insult to injury on top of what was clearly already there; meanwhile, all four of the other Amalgamates also went into Lemon Bread's mouth and entered her stomach so that they could brutally, violently tentacle-rape poor Alphys TOO.

"AH...DELIGHTFUL MUSIC TO MY EARS!" Lemon Bread closed her eyes, visualized the utterly horrific things that were currently happening to Alphys inside her stomach, and moaned with pleasure as the sounds of Alphys loudly screaming and moaning and crying in devastated, tortured, humiliated, suicidal despair suddenly became audible to her through their sheer volume alone.

"OHH, Mettaton...how I LOVE to lick your CREAMY center..." Francis moaned ecstatically, drooling at the mouth by the gallons as he slovenly kneeled down onto his scrawny little knees and began sucking Mettaton's MTT-brand Mettadick while the robot threw his head back, blushed and moaned intensely with delight, stroking and patting Francis on the head like a puppy; meanwhile, deep inside Francis' head, there Burgerpants was, lying face-down completely naked and thrusting his penis into the poor weeb lizard's brain with all of his might.

"WARNING: BIOLOGICAL ORGANISM DETECTED INSERTING SEXUAL ORGANS INTO MASTER'S CENTRAL NERVOUS NETWORK AND RAPIDLY APPROACHING THE POINT OF CLIMAX; EXTERMINATE AND/OR EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY!" Francis' central control supercomputer urgently warned Sans, somehow having taken THAT long to notice.

"Welp, guess my work is DUMB here!" Sans chuckled, shrugging and sighing and shaking his head in wonderment of "WHO THE F%#& DOES THAT" as he used his magic powers to teleport himself out of there and over to Toriel's place in the Ruins...and grow himself back to normal size, of course.

"Alright...OOOOH...I just gotta...OHHHH...time it just...AHHHH...RIGGGHHHTTT..." Burgerpants blushed, panted, and moaned intensely with arousal, breathing heavily and closely observing Mettaton's ridiculously effeminate and flamboyant facial and bodily expressions through Francis' eyesockets to determine the precise point when his robo-gasm would most likely occur; yes, believe it or not, he actually WAS, in fact, just the type to pay THAT much scrutinously detailed attention to sh%# like that...and the fact that he was actually quite used to getting constantly raped almost every day by Mettaton in the MTT Resort janitor's closet(s) certainly didn't help matters either.

"UGGHHH...this is so...OHHHH...so WRONG and yet SO...OHHHHHHHHHH...SO RIEYLTIEILURZWARNITURIGGGHHHTTT!" Burgerpants shrieked orgasmically, his skeleton cartoonishly flashing in and out of his body as his dick somehow inexplicably sprayed out half a goddamned GALLON of love-juice into the wrinkly, veiny catacombs of Francis' neural network (at the exact same time that Mettaton finally cummed into Francis' disgusting mouth, of course), electrocuting him to a degree that only a true Looney Toons character could ever even hope to survive!

"GYAAAAAH!" Francis and Mettaton also shrieked loudly in pain as the electrical current from Burgerpants' orgasm shocked them nearly to death as well, causing the former to pass out unconscious from sensory overload and the latter to suffer a violent explosion of the penis!

"OH MY GOD, ALPHYS, MY LOVE, ARE YOU OKAY?!" Mettaton screamed and cried in terror as he ran over to where Francis' body was unconsciously sprawled out onto the floor and shaking him to try and get him to wake up. "FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, PLEASE DON'T DIE ON ME!"

"Say, what's that noise that sounds like rushing water...OH MY GOD, RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!"

Lemon Bread screamed in horror as a colossal rushing wave of Mettaton's cum came pouring through Francis' stomach and washed both her and her fellow Amalgamate friends right down into his intestines.

"OH SWEET LORD, NOT THE STUPID INTESTINAL WATERSLIDE CLICHÉ, IT BURRRNS!" Lemon Bread and her fellow Amalgamates screamed in unison as the unbelievably sexy and powerful current washed them all the way through Francis' upper and lower intestines as if they were in...well, a water slide, causing Lemon Bread to ticklishly laugh and shriek as the millions of teeny-tiny villi lining his intestinal tract began brushing against her soft and sensitive belly.

"OH, SWEET MERCIFUL CRAP, HERE IT COMES!" Lemon Bread laughed and screamed maniacally as the gleaming, sh%-smelling light at the end of the tunnel finally came into view!

"Oh, DON'T YOU FREAKING DARE...NO! BAD LIZARD! BAD!" Mettaton yelled angrily at Francis, slapping him brutally across the face as he involuntarily took a disgusting diarrhea sperm-sh%# all over the floor, pooping out Alphys and all five of the Amalgamates all at the same time (causing the entire background audience to run screaming out of the room, of course) as the former used her size-alteration ray to grow both herself and the latter (and her dress) back to normal size.

"Wait, WHAT THE HELL?! How in God's name did YOU six get in there?!" Mettaton stammered in shock and disbelief, glancing back and forth at Alphys and Francis with an utterly confused and profoundly disgusted look on his face as the former reluctantly put her size-alteration ray back into her pocket and exhaustedly fainted face-down onto the floor while Burgerpants finally took the opportunity (that Sans had accidentally left for him by forgetting to log out of thhe central control computer) to crawl into Francis' brain and reboot him back up and running again!

"HEY, YOU!" Mettaton walked over to Alphys and yelled at her commandingly while Francis woke back up from his brainshock-induced nap (with a severe headache, naturally), yawned loudly and gently clutched the side of his forehead to soothe the pain and exhaustion.

"Yeah?" Alphys groaned dizzily, crawling over to her completely and utterly ruined dress and reluctantly slipping it back onto herself as her infamous Amalgamates meekly shuffled out of the room and headed straight back to the incredibly creepy basement of Alphys' lab, where they belonged.

"You're RIGHT in a middle of a giant heaping puddle of liquid refuse that absolutely NEEDS to be cleaned up right this INSTANT, you blithering psychotic LUNATIC!" Mettaton scolded her lividly, effeminately throwing his arms up in the air and ruffling his hair wildly in frustration.

"YEAH?!" Alphys raised her voice and glared angrily at him, her glasses lopsided, her clothing tattered and torn and soggy, her body heavily bruised and disfigured and injured, and her face dripping and oozing with all kinds of disgusting substances as Mettaton lurched backward, covered his eyes and retched in revulsion at the mere sight alone, let alone the thought of what had caused it.

"I think that's enough 'FUN' for one day...come on, Alphys, it's time for the two of us to head back home and just pretend that all of this never happened." Francis sighed and shrugged, gently shoving Mettaton aside, taking Alphys by the hand and leading her back home with him.

"Oh, for God's sake, YOU DIDN'T EVEN PAY FOR THE DAMNED TABLE, YOU FREAKING IDIOT!" Mettaton angrily yelled at the top of his lungs at Francis, kneeling on the floor and shaking his fists at him with rage.

Chapter 7

ISAI SF 7

"Alright, so...is there anything else you'd like to do with me, my darling little cupcake?" Francis yawned and asked Alphys (whom he was currently cradling lovingly in his arms, of course)

as he walked right through the front door back into Alphys' lab, smacking his lips, bending over and adorably smooching her right on the tip of her pudgy little dinosaur nose as he gently set her back down onto the floor.

"Um...w-well...I think I certainly would like to, umm...perhaps r-roleplay a certain dearly beloved s-shipping between Sans and T-Toriel? Ehehe?" Alphys stammered shyly, biting her lip, crossing her legs, crossing her arms behind her back and twiddling her fingers cutely as she trembled and quivered in fearful anticipation of what Francis would say about the fact that she secretly shipped a f%#&ing skeleton and a goat together; would he laugh? Would he cry? Would he cry WITH laughter? Would he perhaps even BREAK UP with her? Seriously, the possibilities were absolutely endl-

"OOH, I know EXACTLY what you're talking about! And personally, I do believe I've got JUST the thing for that; actually, no, scratch that, I've got the THING for something way BETTER than that! Take a gander at THIS sh%# right here!" Burgerpants chuckled smugly through the speech-recording microphone in Francis' brain as he made him reach into his interdimensional shirt pocket (which, ostensibly, was filled almost to the brim with anime porn mags, hentai novels, waifu pillows and the like) and pulled out possibly one of the LEAST perverted and creepy things in there; an invisible digital camera presumably invented by the disgustingly nerdy freak himself, with state-of-the-art video-recording technology and everything!

"WOWWW...SO COOOL..." Alphys dropped her jaw straight to the floor and gawked droolingly and absentmindedly in absolute wonderment at the sheer eminent beauty of the device, completely forgetting about the recent Burgerpants fiasco as Francis proceeded to then promptly demonstrate the camera's other main function: Star Trek lens-flare hypnosis!

"Oh, and check THIS out; it's even got a complimentary badge that comes with it that you can use to turn YOURSELF invisible at literally any time just by clipping it on; how freaking cool is THAT?!" Francis gushed excessively over the device, throwing his head back and DREEmurring orgasmically as he pulled out the complimentary badge from his pocket and handed it over to Alphys while droolingly fantasizing about the things that he and Alphys were going to do with it on that very, very special (and more than likely extremely illegal, even in the Underground) night.

"Oh, uh...yeah, sure, that's really cool, I guess...so, uhh...how much did this thing COST exactly?" Alphys asked Francis curiously and teasingly, sincerely doubting that an absolutely degenerate dumbass like him would really be smart enough to invent such a thing himself as she unceremoniously stuffed the badge into her pocket and pulled out a pair of jetpacks.

"Oh, only something like twenty thousand dollars or so...and it's tougher than a freaking NOKIA phone! Again, seriously, HOW FREAKING COOL IS THAT?!" Francis squealed and moaned with nerdy pleasure as he threw it onto the floor at full force (leaving a huge crack in the tile that it landed on, much to Alphys' chagrin) and stomped on it as hard as he could, jumping into the air and squealing in pain and clutching his left foot from how much he had just accidentally hurt himself.

"Yeah, yeah, it's pretty freaking cool, I know..." Alphys groaned, sighed and shrugged, rolling her eyes as Francis sat down on her office chair, rotated toward her and extended out his now-extremely-sore left foot directly into her face, wiggling his toes and grinning seductively at her.

"So tell me, FRANCIS; exactly how much of this is actually YOU as opposed to Burgerpants?" Alphys asked Francis curiously and somewhat teasingly, glaring at him inquisitively as she lovingly licked his incredibly smooth and sexy foot, sucked its tantalizingly long and plump toes, kneaded her fingers and thumbs passionately into the surprisingly tough little tendons and metatarsals within his otherwise soft and tender soles, and finally delivered the coup-de-grace with an adorably sweet little boo-boo kiss right on the outstretched, saliva-soaked ball of his foot...which, of course, caused Francis to blush and moan with immense pleasure, as always.

"Oh, sorry, I wasn't listening; what was that you just said? I was, like, LITERALLY too busy jerking off to even HEAR you!" Francis laughed and waved awkwardly at Alphys with his right hand, causing her to sternly lower her eyelids at him in an explicitly "I KNOW IT'S YOU" type of stare as he lowered his left foot, hopped back down from his royal seat, took her by the hand and led her to the front door.

"More specifically, HOW are you already knowledgeable enough about Sans and Toriel to know exactly WHERE, much less WHEN, they make out with each other every night?" Alphys somewhat tiredly asked Francis, yawning loudly and suddenly breaking out into an intensely mischievous smile as she realized how wonderfully obvious it was that Burgerpants really WAS inside his brain at the moment!

"Interuniversal internet, THAT'S how!" Francis chuckled and sweated nervously, drumming his fingers together and quaking his knees while Alphys clambered up onto his shoulder, pulled out a pair of magic tweezers from her dress pockets and began slowly, teasingly pushing them deeper and deeper into his ear while Burgerpants shook and trembled helplessly in fear.

"STOP, YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU DOING! YOU COULD LITERALLY END UP KILLING ME IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL WITH THAT!" Francis screamed in horror, shooing Alphys away from him agitatedly with his hands.

"Uh-huh..." Alphys crossed her arms over her chest and winked sassily at Francis.

"Damnit, she's already TOE-TALLY sussed me, hasn't she?" Burgerpants blushed deeply and sighed, glancing over to the side of him and hanging his head in profound kink-shame.

"Alright, look; if there's anything you've gotta do, PLEASE do it right now!" Francis explained, checking his iPhone and seeing that it was exactly 10:20 PM at the moment as he grabbed Alphys by the shoulders and shook her violently into focus. "It's almost 11 PM right now, which is exactly when the absolutely delicious romancing between Sans and Toriel that I've been hyping you up for all this time is nightly scheduled to begin; seriously, if we don't hurry, we're going to freaking MISS it!"

"I mostly just really, really, and I do mean REALLY, need to take a freaking shower!" Alphys shuddered, cringing in absolute disgust at the mere thought of what had just recently happened to her in the last two chapters as she ran up onto the second floor, grabbed a clean copy of the exact same dress she was currently wearing from her wardrobe, then quickly ran back downstairs and went straight into the bathroom without further ado while Francis walked out the front door and waited patiently outside for her to finish whatever it really was that she was doing.

ONE VERY LONG AND CLEANSING SHOWER LATER...

"We're flying! WHEEEEEEE!" Alphys and Francis repeatedly, obnoxiously yelled in an utterly ridiculous falsetto, annoying the living bejeezus out of everyone beneath them all the while as they flew all the way across the Underground in a matter of seconds with their jetpacks.

"Hey, Alphys; why do people often mistake Sans for a weeaboo like us?" Francis jokingly asked Alphys in classic Sans fashion as the two of them lovingly held hands and ran merrily through the foolishly wide-open Snowdin/Ruins gate together, gazing in wonderment at all of the impossibly purple bricks that were now surrounding them as they finally reached the back-entrance passageway to Toriel's house...with only about ten or so minutes left to spare, no less!

"Hmm...you know, I'm actually not really sure why; in fact, I really should do a bit more research on that topic if and when I finally have the spare time and boredom level to-" Alphys began running her mouth excessively in response, comically missing the point of the joke as she and Francis quickly and quietly made their way through Toriel's basement hallway, turned themselves invisible (Francis with his natural chameleon blending ability, and Alphys by clipping on the complimentary badge that Francis had given her) and climbed up the staircase.

"Alright, now get next to Toriel's recliner and just wait a few minutes; her boyfriend Sans will arrive very shortly!" Francis turned the camera invisible (AUTHOR'S NOTE: yes, invisible things did indeed naturally possess the ability to see other equally invisible things through the mathematical law of double negatives in addition to video game logic...well, okay, mostly video game logic) and whispered nervously into Alphys' ear as the two of them tiptoed as quietly as possible into the living room of Toriel's house, where the big, fluffy and lop-eared (not to mention completely naked from head to toe, which was presumably how she slept more often than not) goat mother was adorably snoozing on her recliner, the cutely padded soles of her bare, incredibly large feet fully exposed and poking out teasingly at them while she eagerly waited for Sans to finally arrive.

"MUST...NOT...LICK..." Alphys and Francis panted, drooled at the mouth and stammered internally as Toriel innocently wiggled her toes at them in her sleep, blissfully unaware of how much of a tease she was actually being to them as they crept around her recliner and sneakily recorded all of the subtle little twitches and motions of her bare feet and soles on video camera.

"OH, DEAR, I LITERALLY CANNOT RESIST THE UNYIELDING TEMPTATION..." Alphys moaned internally with pleasure as she reluctantly kneeled down on both of her knees and began lovingly massaging and licking Toriel's utterly gorgeous soles while Francis fapped to her amusingly fetishistic antics with his right hand and excitedly recorded them with his left.

"HMM? Who's down there, licking my feet?" Toriel suddenly grunted in surprise as she woke right up and looked around the room curiously to see who had just been worshipping her feet.

"EEP!" Alphys squeaked adorably in terror, fleeing all the way over to the opposite-side edge of the house and pressing her back against the edgemost wall while Francis did the same, making sure to cover Alphys' mouth with his hand so that she wouldn't make any more noise as Toriel searched around the living room suspiciously, lifting up several objects and sniffing around with her nose; luckily, the corresponding shower-fresh and utterly-horrible scents of Alphys and Francis roughly canceled each other out, so Toriel's tired old nose was unable to detect them.

"Eh, it was probably just a really f%#&ing horny mouse or some sh%#..." Toriel muttered exhaustedly to herself as she walked over into the kitchen and pulled out a nice big jar of honey from the fridge while Alphys and Francis curiously followed along behind her, the latter making sure to quickly slip a dissolving five-minute weapons-grade sleeping pill into the glass of water on Toriel's recliner-side table while she wasn't looking.

"La di da, la dee dum..." Toriel peacefully, merrily sang as she sat back down in her recliner, squeezed out copious portions of honey all over her lovely bare feet, drank the rest of her glass of water for liquid nourishment as she set her honey bottle down on the very same recliner-side table that said glass was being kept on, then finally fell right back asleep in her chair...very FAST asleep, in fact!

"Hmm...let's see if THIS still brings out her ticklish side!" Alphys suggested to Francis as she playfully scratched Toriel's left sole with her adorable little finger-claws while Francis pulled out a chainsaw made of feathers from his pocket and handled the other one with it, even going as far as to saw it right in-between her toes; sure enough, even after they switched sides and did the exact same thing again except on the opposite feet, Toriel still barely even let loose a single giggle.

Meanwhile in her dreams, Toriel was in the living room reading her favorite book, 72 Uses For Snails (which, fittingly enough, was used mainly for fetish purposes); surely enough, right when she was just about to finish reading the Tickling entry, a whole bunch of snails suddenly crawled into the room through the amazingly neat and tidy mouse-hole right next to the lamp that was in the southwest corner of the room and climbed up onto her bare, extremely sensitive soles while she wasn't looking, causing her to blush brightly, hold her breath and bite her lip, her face turning blue as she tried desperately not to laugh from how unbearably much it tickled!

"GYAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHHH!" Toriel dropped her book and exploded into a rampant, shrieking and crying fit of hysterical laughter, with numerous joyful tears escaping from her eyes as the snails crawled around on the heels and arches of her poor uber-ticklish feet, up over the balls of her feet, into the little gaps in-between her toes, and even all the way up onto the very tip-tops of said toes, leaving trails and splotches of gooey, glistening snail sperm...I mean, slime all over her beautiful goat-mom soles. "PLEASE STAH-HAH-HAH-HAHP! I'M FAR TOO OH-HO-HO-HOLD AND TI-HICKLISH FOR SH%# LIKE THI-HI-HI-HISS!"

Meanwhile in real life, Francis and Alphys were busy drooling and licking their lips with delight as they lovingly licked and sucked sweet, sweet honey off of Toriel's already-scrumptious feet and toes, causing her to murr, moan and blush in her sleep as the GPS radar on Alphys' phone suddenly detected Sans approaching!

"QUICK, RUN AND HIDE BEFORE HE FREAKING SEES US!" Francis hissed urgently into Alphys' ear (despite the fact that they were both already literally impossible to see), grabbing her by the hand and attempting to drag her off to god-knows-where...luckily, however, Alphys, being the only truly smart one in the situation, smacked his hand away, placed her hands on her hips in true womanly fashion, and began giving him a stern lecture about just how borderline-brain-dead stupid he really was.

"Dude, for crying out loud, we're both already freaking INVISIBLE! What in the hell IS there to even freaking see here in the FIRST damned place, hmm? WHAT?!" Alphys ranted irritably at Francis, throwing her arms up in the air in frustration and smacking him across the face.

"Absolutely NOTHING, my dear; nothing at all!" Francis shrugged and chuckled teasingly, reaching over and hugging Alphys passionately as the poor girl squeaked loudly in pain and nearly suffocated from how ludicrously hard he was squeezing her; meanwhile outside in Snowdin, Sans made his way through the exact same Snowdin/Ruins gate that Alphys and Francis had previously come in through, prompting Alphys and Francis to immediately stop what they were doing and press themselves up against the westmost wall of the room in anticipation.

"Do you think he'll do it tonight?" Alphys stood up on her tippy-toes and anxiously whispered into Francis' ear as Sans drew (in other words, walked ridiculously slowly) ever nearer and nearer by

the minute.

"Of COURSE he will; it's like CLOCKWORK!" Francis replied jokingly, causing Alphys to put her hands over the tip of her snout and giggle and snort with amusement while he excitedly pointed his video camera toward himself and turned it on, setting it to the record function as always.

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness one of the SEVEN wonders of the Underground!" Francis announced dramatically to the readers, staring directly at them through the recording lens of his video camera with only THE most utterly sh%-eating type of grin one could ever hope to have on his (or her) face; needless to say, the one that Alphys demonstrated shortly thereafter when Francis briefly pointed the camera over at her wasn't exactly a disappointment either as far as sh%-eating, sassily-winking, eyebrow-raising grins go.

"At about 11:30 PM, eastern standard time, on THIS very night, our favorite character Sans will ascend the staircase as he does EVERY NIGHT for a NICE...BIG...GLASS of milk!" Francis explained (pretty creepily, to be honest) as he pointed his camera over to where the staircase leading down to Toriel's basement hallway was located, then back to himself.

"And he ain't dressed for the UNDESIRABLE OCCASION, if you know what I MEME..." Alphys whispered seductively as Francis pointed the camera back at her while she brought her face uncomfortably close to the screen, wiggling her eyebrows and fluttering her eyelashes at the audience while Francis pointed the camera back toward himself and dramatically cleared his throat.

"Hehehe, yup! YOU heard right! He's completely..NAAAKKKEEEDDD!" Francis tilted the camera back toward himself and explained, with Alphys desperately trying not to bust out laughing as he lifted up his right hand onto the side of his head with the palm facing outward, then suddenly broke out into quite possibly THE absolute creepiest smile (and facial expression in general, for that matter) of his entire stinking life, his eyes suddenly going bloodshot and growing cartoon dot-pupils in nigh-uncontrollable excitement as he began ecstatically fantasizing his unholy and profoundly perverted little head off about...get this...A F%#&ING FATASS SKELETON F%#&ING AN ALMOST EQUALLY FATASS F^%#ING GOAT, of all things.

"WITH NO CLOTHES ON!" Alphys suddenly butted into the camera-view out of seemingly nowhere and maniacally, fan-girlishly squealed at the tops of her lungs with delight, her eyes sparkling and glittering like something straight out of anime; but alas, while she and Francis were still busy laughing their ever-loving asses off as a result of the former's unusually ridiculous antics, they suddenly heard Sans coming up the staircase...as well as Toriel beginning to finally wake back up again, no less!

"Oh, gee WHIZ, why am I so goddamned turned on right now..." Alphys and Francis nervously, embarrassedly thought to themselves, the latter pointing his camera eagerly at Sans as he came up the staircase into Toriel's house buck-naked (with his slimy, gooey, radioactively glowing ecto-penis dripping onto the floor in full force, as always) and smoothly, sexily walked his way over into the living room, predictably whistling Megalovania to himself (meme-loving bastard that he was) while Alphys and Francis literally drooled over a freaking SKELETON...and not even a particularly HOT one like Skeletor, Jack Skellington or Papyrus either; literally just more or less your average spooky scary skeleton.

"Oh, um...HEY there, Sans! I must say, I REALLY wasn't expecting you to GOAT here so early!" Toriel giggled and waved adorably at Sans, causing Alphys and Francis to roll their eyes and groan internally in response while Sans excitedly climbed up onto the world-renowned goat MILF's lap and began lovingly sucking her plump, gorgeous, ever-so-delightfully-fluffy teats!

"Yup, there is definitely no denying how much I SUCK at arriving to work on TIMELINE, ya

know what I'm saying?" Sans snickered as he sucked and sucked and sucked on Toriel's tits like a baby while Alphys, Francis and Burgerpants regrettably began masturbating furiously in response.

"Well, I mean, hey, at least you arrived right in the DICK of time, am I right?" Toriel chuckled as she lovingly, tightly wrapped her arms around Sans and penetrated him right up the butt with her big fuzzy girl-penis while Sans pantingly and moaningly rubbed his now firmly-erect ecto-cock in-between her big fluffy goat boobs and shoved it into her loving, big-lipped mouth while Alphys literally went green (and Francis yellow) with romantic envy.

"MMM..." Toriel moaned lovingly with delight as she blew a good pint-sized load into Sans' pelvic region while also simultaneously swallowing another pretty decently sized load of creamy and gooey and sticky orgasm fluids from his penis.

"OHH, I LOVE YOU SO MUCH..." Toriel moaned even further as she sexily removed Sans' still-dripping boner from her mouth, teasingly dangling the resulting saliva-soaked cum strand from her tongue as she grabbed her honey bottle off of the recliner-side table and seductively poured its sticky, sweet, sugary goodness all over her already-orgasmically-beautiful soles, causing Sans to obediently sit down on all fours and pant like a drooling dog in response.

"Well, I mean, what can I say, really? All I know for sure is that you've been working me...down to the BONER!" Sans chuckled embarrassedly with an extremely bright and glowing blue blush on his face as he reluctantly swallowed his pride, got down onto his knees and lovingly worshipped her feet just like Alphys and Francis had done earlier...except even hotter this time, somehow!

"So tell me, Sans, how's the taste of DE FEET CUMMING along for you?" Toriel blushed and giggled embarrassedly as Sans licked every last nook, cranny, wrinkle, crevice and square inch of her adorably smooth and sexy goat soles, soaking them from heel to toes with his gooey, dripping ecto-saliva while the lovable goat woman murred and moaned with delight in response.

"Oh, you'd damned better believe that it's coming along FINGER-LICKING AND TOE-SUCKING good, my dear, sweet LOVE of my life!" Sans laughed as he immediately switched from licking Toriel's lovely, lovely soles to sucking passionately on her equally lovely toes; meanwhile, Alphys and Francis blushed up a storm, held their breath, covered their mouths with their hands while their faces began turning blue and purple from lack of air, and bit their jaws so painfully, lethally tightly that they actually began to taste their own blood leaking into their mouths as they both tried unbearably hard to hold in their laughter.

"This little piggy went to market!" Sans sang teasingly to Toriel as he sucked on her right right toe while Alphys and Francis released their fingers from their noses and gasped for air, still covering their mouths with their hands, blushing adorably, snickering mischievously, and sweating nervously as always while Sans systematically moved on to Toriel's next toe.

"This little piggy bought a butterscotch-cinnamon pie!" Sans sang as he sucked Toriel's right middle toe.

"This little piggy baked it in the oven!" Sans sang as he sucked (the engagement ring right off of) Toriel's right left toe (and sneakily stuffed it into his pockets while Toriel wasn't looking).

"This little piggy smashed it into pieces with a sledgehammer and slathered it all over her gorgeous naked body!" Sans sang as he sucked Toriel's left right toe.

"This little piggy made Sans' nose bleed even more than his chest did when Frisk ***** *** *****
* ***** at the end of the Genocide Run!" Sans sang as he sucked Toriel's left middle toe.

"And last but not least, THIS little piggy locked Sans up in a bondage outfit and fem-dominantly forced him to lick every last sugary, gooey drop and crumb of pie right off of her entire naked body from head to toe, whipping him like a slave in the process!" Sans sang as he diligently sucked Toriel's left left toe before finally wetly smooching right on both of the (again) handsomely outstretched and saliva-dripping balls of her soles and simultaneously gave both her feet a nice warm skeletal hug, causing Alphys and Francis to finally crack and burst out into hysterical fits of laughter.

"HOLY SH%#, IS THERE SOMEONE SPYING ON US?!" Sans turned around and screamed in shock and humiliation as Alphys and Francis ran (and flew) back home as fast as they could, laughing all the way.

"Eh, we were probably just hearing things...anyway, let's just hope that there's not any evil aFOOT around here!" Toriel giggled and blushed as she and Sans promptly began giving each other the footjobs of an afterlifetime.

Chapter 8

ISAISF 8

"Okay, seriously, let us NEVER speak of that little fiasco again!" Alphys shuddered as she and Francis ran straight back into her lab and used their phones to lock the front door behind them.

"Aw, whatever, man, you KNOW it was freaking hilarious! Don't lie!" Francis laughed, shrugging his shoulders smugly as Alphys took off his jetpack and hers and stuffed both of them right back into her pocket.

"Whatever, man...anyway, which would you rather do: stay up with me all night, or just go to bed with me right now and get this whole utterly ridiculous mess of a date over with already?" Alphys sighed, shrugged, groaned and reluctantly asked Francis, who scratched his chin and stared contemplatively at Alphys for all of about three seconds before finally raising his finger into EUREKA position!

"Alphys, PLEASE; why WOULDN'T I want to stay up all night with you, especially on our first DATE? You of all people should know by now that that is SERIOUSLY NOT the weeaboo way, you silly GOOSE!" Francis teasingly chuckled at her rather embarrassing expense, slapping her on the back so hard that it caused her to accidentally spit out her loose wisdom tooth (and shriek in pain as a result, naturally) and ruffling her quills with his hand until they were all hideously disfigured and jutting out in hilariously mismatched directions...just like her dad, of course!

"DAD, I SWEAR TO CHRIST, ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO FREAKING KILL YOU..." Alphys growled furiously under her breath and hissed like a snake at Francis, causing him to jump back and flinch in fearful surprise as she crossed her arms over her chest and sternly glared at him.

"My dear ever-loving GOD, girl; seriously, if looks could kill, you would be able to literally one-shot Asgore!" Francis stammered very disturbedly, cowering up against the wall and giving Alphys a "seriously, what in the actual hell is wrong with you?" type of look.

MEANWHILE, INSIDE FRANCIS' BRAIN...

"Poor kid...man, if only I hadn't spent all of my fucking parenting money on GODDAMNED HEROIN!" Burgerpants thought to himself, writhing wildly on the floor and clutching his head and scratching bloody claw marks into the sides of it on the last few words of his sentence.

"Well, anyway...tell me, neko-cakes, do you perhaps like...a-anime?" Francis anxiously crossed his legs (like Alphys), adorably held his arms out in front of him like a little baby dinosaur (just like Alphys), and nervously, stammeringly asked her, sweating all the while (do I even need to explain?) while Burgerpants smirked, curled the outer ends of his V-slanted eyebrows into grotesque swirl shapes, and rubbed his hands together evilly, squinted his eyes smarmily and grinned like an alligator from cheek to cheek with delightfully eager anticipation of what he was very obviously right about to suggest to poor Alphys for movie night.

"Uh...yeah? Who exactly DO you think you're talking to, again?" Alphys asked Francis confusedly, already ever-so-slightly weirded out by how much Francis was starting to deliberately imitate her.

"Why, only the absolute biggest Mew Mew fan in the whole damned WORLD besides me, of course!" Francis boasted arrogantly, standing up tall, posing flamboyantly, and placing his hand

over his chest proudly while Alphys just continued staring at him, cocking an eyebrow in sudden realization of what he was almost certainly about to say and apprehensively raising one of her index fingers (the right one, to be exact) at him.

"I don't LIKE where this is going!" Alphys warned Francis nervously, waving her finger at him teasingly and placing her other hand sassily on the corresponding left hip while Francis bit his lip and glanced back and forth paranoidly (suddenly growing temporary pupils on his eyes again, for whatever strange and mildly disturbing reason) as he sneakily tiptoed his way over to Alphys' movie cabinet.

"Stop!" Alphys reflexively commanded Francis, running over hastily to her movie cabinet, pressing her back against it and blocking it on either side with her arms while Francis snidely shoved her out of the way, opened up the doors to the filing cabinet and eagerly looked inside.

"SAY, cutie-pie, would you like to watch-"

"Stop!" Alphys commanded Francis a second time (noticeably louder this time, in fact), grabbing his slimy, filthy right hand and slamming it forcefully into the base of the Mew Mew shelf right in mid-reach for her reluctantly retrieved-from-the-garbage-dump copy of Mew Mew Kissy Cutie 2!

"-Mew Mew Kissy Cutie 2 with me?" Francis asked Alphys teasingly, glaring seductively at her and fluttering his ugly nerdy eyelashes at her and lovingly kissing her on the cheek, causing her to blush with profound flattery and meekly loosen her grip on Francis' hand, giving him just enough time to reach into the shelf a second time, grab the Mew Mew 2 DVD Z and yank it right out!

"STOP!" Alphys screamed at Francis in absolute terror, leaping onto his shoulders and desperately attempting to pry the DVD case right out of his hands with her own...but alas, it was to absolutely no avail, as she soon learned after pointlessly and needlessly exhausting what little strength and stamina she had in the first place in a battle that she literally couldn't win.

"Are you done yet?" Francis smirked teasingly at Alphys, grabbing her by the resultingly blushing tip of her tail, dropping her face-down onto the floor and securely pinning her underneath his massive chameleon foot.

"FRANCIS, FOR GOD'S SAKE, DO YOU EVEN FREAKING REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE DOING RIGHT NOW?!" Alphys screamed and cried, throwing a literal HISSY-fit (nope, not sorry) and pounding her feet and fists on the floor just like Chris Chan would after getting his Sonichu blow-up doll taken away (fittingly enough, honestly).

"MEW MEW KISSY CUTIE 2 IS THE ABSOLUTE WORST MOVIE I'VE EVER SEEN! I DON'T GIVE TWO SH%#S IF IT ACTUALLY GOT REALLY GOOD REVIEWS FROM THE GENERAL PUBLIC! I JUST ABSOLUTELY F%# ING HATE IT!" Alphys ranted her head off in a profoundly childish fit of pure unadulterated (not to mention un-adult-WORTHY) autistic nerd rage as she clutched her head and squirmed wildly on the floor like a tortured animal (which, technically, she was, bit still).

"But WHY, though? Isn't it supposed to be, like, one of the best Japanese animated films since Purr Purr Smoochy Hottie 1?" Francis pointed out and asked Alphys curiously, suddenly being oddly reminded of Cave Story for whatever reason while Alphys continued pathetically writhing around on the floor, his humongous sweaty foot being literally the only thing holding her in place.

"DON'T LISTEN TO THOSE FRICKING FAN FRICKS; THEY HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO IDEA WHAT PROPER TASTE IN ANIME IS! MEW MEW KISSY CUTIE 2 WAS A FILM THAT ABSOLUTELY DEFILED EVERYTHING THAT I LOVED ABOUT THE FIRST ONE

BACK WHEN I WAS TEN YEARS OLD AND THEREFORE STILL DO NOW! THE GRAPHICS AND ANIMATION WERE ABSOLUTE F^#%ING HORSESH#% ON AN INDIGO-LEAGUE POKÉSTICK, IT WAS F*#%ING LAZILY THROWN TOGETHER, I HAD TO WAIT EIGHT GODDAMNED YEARS FOR IT, THE CHARACTERS WERE ALL REDUCED INTO UTTERLY WORTHLESS, FORCED-MEME-SPOUTING F%#&ING CARICATURES OF STEREOTYPES, AND WORST OF ALL, THE F%#&ING SH^%-FACED STUDIO BEHIND THE CREATION OF THIS UNHOLY F*^#ING ABOMINATION ACTUALLY HAD THE F%#&ING NERVE TO CHARGE TEN F*%#ING DOLLARS FOR IT! SERIOUSLY, TEN F%#&ING DOLLARS FOR THIS ABSOLUTELY ROTTEN PILE OF SH%#?! I SAY, WHAT THE F%#& EVEN IS LIFE ANYMORE?! ALL I KNOW IS, I'VE F%#&ING HAD IT! THAT'S IT, ABSOLUTELY NO MORE! I'M F%#&ING DONE HERE! PLEASE JUST F%#&ING END ME ALREADY, WOULD YOU?!" Alphys literally ranted herself to sleep while Francis used his phone to voice-record her review of the film with disturbingly pitch-perfect accuracy and jokingly post it onto the film's Metacritic page, giving the film a 0/10 rating in the process while Alphys panted and moaned in exhaustion from how big of a temper-tantrum she had just thrown over not agreeing with someone else's choice of movie to watch.

"Man, would you just LOOK at yourself?" Francis sighed, looking down at his lazily sprawled-out-on-the-floor daughter...I mean, girlfriend...and shaking his head in utter disappointment.

"Over in Snowdin...hell, even out here in Hotland, it seems, kids are playing outside, having fun with each other, and probably being more mature than both of us combined now that I think about it...and here you are throwing a f%#&ing one-year-old temper tantrum to rival the goddamned HOLOCAUST...all over someone picking a movie that's slightly less good than your absolute favorite f%#&ing one in the whole goddamned WORLD?!" Burgerpants screamed furiously at Alphys through Francis' voice-control microphone, shaking his fist threateningly at her and seething with rage.

"Son, I may not know much about how to properly raise a child...or anything of the sort, really...but what I most certainly DO know, just for the record, is that on days like these, what spoiled little brats like YOU oughta be getting is a nice big SPANKING if anything! C'MERE, YOU MOTHERF%#&ER!" Francis yelled furiously at Alphys, reaching down angrily, lifting his foot up from off of her poor aching back, grabbing her by the tail, scooping her up into his arms, forcing her into optimal spanking position and repeatedly, forcefully, painfully smacking her fat, bloated, adorably firm and tender little dino ass-cheeks with his scrawny, freakishly bony lizard hand.

"OW! OWW...OWWWWW...OOH, THAT FEELS SO GOOD...OH BABY, YES...PLEASE KEEP GOING...PLEASE...FOR MY SAKE, DADDY..." Alphys began moaning with pleasure while Burgerpants cringed several inches backward in his seat, blushed immensely in second-hand embarrassment and squinted his lower eyelids in utter confusion and outright disgust at just how much of a truly demented slut his poor psychotic bitch of a daughter really was.

"You know what, I think I'll just see whatever this big red shiny button over here is supposed to do, and then just let Francis take it from there!" Burgerpants decided as he reluctantly reached over onto the far right side of Francis' central control dashboard and pressed the aforementioned button, closing his eyes and holding his breath as he began internally praying to God that he HADN'T just accidentally pressed Francis' self-destruct button.

"HUH?! WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?!" Burgerpants gasped in surprise as some kind of weird-looking scanning device suddenly came out of a secret compartment just above the central control computer's screen and scanned him thoroughly from head to jellybean toes and everything

in between! "HEY, STOP LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT! WHAT, ARE YOU FREAKING GAY OR SOME SH#%?!"

"OHHHHHHHH, MYYYYYYYYY..." Francis moaned, feeling a sudden ticklish sensation deep within his brain as his entire body began converting itself from fat and disgustingly squishy to skinny and handsomely muscular while Burgerpants' jaw dropped to the floor in absolute disbelief.

"Heh heh heh...hey, Alphys, take a look at me NOW!" Francis laughed teasingly at Alphys as he finally finished literally kissing her pink, sore and tender ass and set her back down onto her feet...much to his surprise, however, Alphys really didn't have much of a reaction after looking up at him.

"Oh, so you're SKINNY and HANDSOME now...COOL, I guess..." Alphys groaned, sighed and rolled her eyes disappointedly. "Honestly, after the sh## I've been through lately, that really doesn't surprise me in the slightest..." she looked down at the floor irritatedly, crossed her arms over her chest and muttered to herself under her breath while Francis crossed his now-noticeably-more-muscular arms behind his silky-smooth back and crossed his now-even-longer-and-spindlier (and also standing-straight-up) legs awkwardly in confusion.

"Hmph! Not GOOD enough for you, huh? Well then, how about THIS?!" Francis growled frustratedly as he literally ripped his dorky old Mario shirt (which was now dangling all the way down to his feet and spreading itself all over the floor around him like a comically oversized women's skirt) right off, revealing quite possibly the single hottest body she had ever seen on anyone besides Burgerpants! (That moment approximately five seconds later when she realized that it actually WAS just a computer-generated genetic imitation of Burgerpants' body structure tho...)

"Well? What do you think? Do I make you HORNY or what?" Francis teasingly smirked and winked at her, flexing his oily, sweaty muscles and posing sexily as the positively ridiculous amount of nose blood that Alphys had just sprayed all over his chest trickled slowly but surely down his finely toned pectoral muscles, fabulously shapen abdominal muscles and everything in between.

"OHHHHHHHH, YESSSSSSSS..." Alphys moaned and blushed rosy-pink across her entire face with humiliated arousal, squirting out a huge nasty puddle of female ejaculatory fluid all over her just-recently-mopped floor tiles as she exhaustedly placed the back of her left hand over her forehead, dizzily fainted head-over-heels onto the floor and passed out into unconsciousness!

"I take it that's a YES..." Francis sighed, blushing with embarrassment and second-hand shame as he picked up Alphys with one hand (not even remotely breaking a sweat this time), grabbed her Mew Mew Kissy Cutie 2 DVD with the other and headed back downstairs excitedly.

Chapter 9

ISAI SF 9

ONE CHANGE OF CLOTHING LATER...

"Alright, here goes nothing!" Francis sighed as he walked over to the DVD player, opened up Alphys' Mew Mew Kissy Cutie 2 DVD case and somewhat reluctantly bent over to insert the disc into it, lifting his tail up and revealing his beautiful firm and toned ass cheeks (complete with the lovely little butthole) while Alphys (who had just woken up from her sexiness-induced unconsciousness at the hands of Francis and Burgerpants) sprayed a violent stream of blood from her nose yet again, blushing irritatedly and covering her snout humiliatedly with her hands as the uncomfortably, terrifyingly beautiful and sexy lizard-nerd-turned-f%#&boy glared seductively at her and teasingly shook his rubbery, scaly, 100-percent-naked butt at her.

"I swear to God, Francis; if you don't f%#&ing quit it, I'm AFRAID I'm going to pay another sweet little visit to your CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM and f%#*ing LOBOTOMIZE you with my bare, stinking weeaboo HANDS!" Alphys growled furiously and hissed like a venomous snake at Francis, despite the fact that deep down, she still secretly loved him very, very much.

"HA! Personally, I'd like to see you TRY, cinnamon roll!" Francis laughed uproariously, plopping down right next to Alphys on the sofa and pulling out a Princess Peach bodypillow from underneath the couch cushions while Alphys pulled out an Undyne one from the pockets of her baby-blue, adorably fish-patterned footie pajamas and rested her head on it, lying down peacefully and tiredly on the couch while Francis made passionate, peachy love to his pillow.

"OHH, PEACH, MY DEAR AND BELOVED WAIFU, GIVE ME EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT...YEAH, MAKE THAT PEACH TREE BLOSSOM...YEAH, LET ME PUT IT IN YOUR RASPBERRY BUSH...OHH...OOOOOH...AHHHHHH...LET ME PLANT MY SEEEEEEDS IN THAT LOVELY LITTLE FLOWERPOT OF YOURS...OHHHH, SWEET MOMMA..." Francis panted and moaned with arousal as he began forcefully and erotically grinding the Peach bodypillow against his beautiful muscles, caressed it lovingly with his arms, licked it all over with his dextrous, tentacle-like lizard tongue and savagely thrust his penis into its many, many purposefully made holes.

"Goddamnit, Francis; I'll have you know that MY waifu is WAY f%#&ing better than YOURS!" Alphys yelled angrily and revoltedly at Francis as she threateningly brandished her cottony-soft Undyne bodypillow and whacked him across the face with it.

"Well, at least MINE'S actually GOOD for something other than F%#&ING!" Francis snapped and bit back fiercely at Alphys, whacking her right in the adorably chubby belly and causing her to tumble right over onto her fat, smelly rear!

"Why, YOU little...that's EXACTLY what I was literally JUST about to say about MINE, for f%#&'s sake!" Alphys roared lividly at Francis, lunging onto him and clobbering him mercilessly in the face with her bodypillow as the two of them entangled themselves together into the weeaboo pillow fight of a lifetime!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

"Ughhh...youuu...winnn..." Francis groaned and sighed dejectedly, wiping off his sperm-dripping dick with his hands, exhaustedly collapsing face-up onto the sofa and lazily sprawling himself out

on it (resting his head on his Peach bodypillow, of course) while Alphys stood triumphantly atop his beautifully handsome, manly chest (seductively licking her lips and raising her eyebrows at the readers in the process) and beat it like a muscular bongo with her Undyne bodypillow.

"Wait a minute...OH SH%#, WE HAVEN'T EVEN STARTED THE MOVIE YET!" Alphys gasped, suddenly realizing that she and Francis were still stuck on the menu screen as she jumped down onto the floor, grabbed her DVD-player remote off of the coffee table and hit the PLAY button.

ABOUT FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

"You know, Alphys, I really don't see what's so bad about this movie; in fact, I'm pretty sure that roughly the entire anime series it belongs to is about the same sh#% overall as this, you know." Francis boredly laid full-frontal on the couch, crossing his legs seductively, tiredly resting his head on his left hand and erotically stroking his penis with his right as he explained to Alphys.

"Actually, you know what? Yeah, you're right; so far, what's happened here (and all that's ever really important here in the grand scheme of things, honestly) is that Mew Mew is this cloyingly cutesy, wutesy, generic and cliched-as-all-hell neko-catgirl Mary Sue motherf%^er who runs around Tokyo on all kinds of hallucinogenic drugs, beats the living sh%# out of stereotypical high school bullies (as well as your typical weak, petty and incompetent 1980s Saturday-morning cartoon villains) and kisses people to control their thoughts...which, by the way, is horribly ironic for you to be watching, considering the fact that my father has been literally INSIDE YOUR HEAD and manually controlling your brain for the past several chapters, but anyway, just to set the record straight, I reluctantly agree with you. Honestly, what exactly WAS it that I LIKED so much about this stupid show again?" Alphys boredly and tiredly looked over at Francis and curiously asked him, eagerly waiting to see whether or not he would even be able to come up with a viable answer.

"Um...pardon me for asking, but WHAT was that you just said about my freaking BRAIN, again?! PLEASE don't tell me that Burgerpants is STILL horsing around in there as if he freaking OWNS the place!" Francis stammered and trembled helplessly in literal naked fear, curling up into an adorably quivering little ball of muscles and biting his fingernails at the mere thought of some of the utterly disgusting things that Burgerpants could have potentially very easily been doing in there at the moment!

"Oh, trust me, you don't even know the HEMISPHERE of it!" Alphys laughed with a teasing wink, swinging her hand down like a cat paw at Francis as he set his feet down on the floor and sat upright, clutching his head and vibrating intensely in fear as Alphys purred with pleasure from how wonderfully relaxed the resulting vibrations in the couch made her feel and crossed her footie-pajamaed legs teasingly at him.

MEANWHILE, INSIDE FRANCIS' BRAIN...

"Yeah, yeah, I get it; you want me to turn your footie pajamas into BARE-footies, don't you?" Burgerpants groaned and sighed irritably through Francis' voice-control microphone, rolling his eyes and shaking his head in disgust. "Goddamnit, seriously, girl, what the hell is up with you and your STINKING foot fetish?!"

"Ha ha, GOOD one!" Alphys clutched her sides and laughed merrily as Francis reluctantly reached into her pajama pockets, pulled out a nice big pair of scissors, grabbed the puffy little foot sections of Alphys' pajamas and cut them right off to reveal her ever-so-sexy bare feet!

"Well? Again, they're all yours, big boy, what in the hell are you WAITING for?" Alphys lovingly

teased Francis, extending out her right foot toes-first into his nose and playfully wiggling all three of said toes at him as she smoothly pulled them out.

"Well, if anything, I'm mainly just waiting for YOU to finally realize that there really ARE, in fact, FAR more valuable things in life than simply quenching other people's sick f%#^ing FETISHES!" Francis yelled disgustedly at Alphys, slapping her across the face and going upstairs to grab a very special surprise gift for her!

"Alright, where is it, where is it...I know for a fact that I saw whatever the hell this stupid thing is supposed to be floating around in his memory banks SOMEWHERE...AH, HERE IT IS" Burgerpants thought to himself anxiously and weirdly excitedly as he frantically rummaged his way through the literally indestructible pocket of what little was left of Francis' shirt and pulled out some kind of weird foot-bath device that looked to be a small tub with little tickling hands at the bottom.

"Wow, what's THAT?" Alphys asked Francis curiously, blushing a little as he brought the device back downstairs (along with another copy of it for himself) and proudly displayed it to her.

"Um...I call it the Foot-Tub! Yeah, let's just leave it at that, shall we?" Francis blushed and sighed as he leaned down and placed both Foot-Tubs on the floor right beneath where he and Alphys were sitting (in other words, huddled up right next to each other) on the sofa, then pulled the remote for them right out of his ass and excitedly turned both of them on.

"OOOH, that feels SO relaxing..." Alphys and Francis giggled, blushed and moaned intensely with delightful pleasure as the devices soaked their lovely bare feet in warm, aloe-vera-scented water while simultaneously rubbing and tickling their cushiony-soft, aching and ever-so-sensitive soles; in fact, the massage made them feel so wonderfully relaxed that they actually ended up drifting off and falling asleep for the rest of the entire film, wrapping one arm each around each other, leaning against each other on the sofa and hugging each other gently in the process.

ABOUT AN HOUR LATER...

"Wow, what even HAPPENED in this movie while we were gone?" Francis asked Alphys curiously, shutting the Foot Tubs off and gently removing his feet from his while she removed hers from hers.

"Eh, nothing really important...so anyway, what would you like to do next, besides f%#& me absolutely SILLY?" Alphys asked Francis, briefly unbuttoning her pajamas and flashing her boobs at him with a teasing wink.

"Hmm...actually, to be perfectly honest with you, that's EXACTLY what I want to do next!" Francis laughed uproariously, slapping Alphys on the back so hard that he nearly knocked the wind out of her. "But first, let's have a little considerably-past-midnight SNACK, shall we?"

"Sure thing, pal!" Alphys laughed, stroking Francis' gorgeous chest muscles lovingly as she sprang right off the couch onto her still-incredibly-soft-and-tender feet and ran over to the refridgerator. "So which flavor of artificially produced additive powder do you prefer for your noodles? Fermented cat piss or stagnant motor oil?"

ONE ANNOYINGLY LONG MICROWAVE COOKING TIME LATER, AFTER ALPHYS HAD GONE TO THE PAINSTAKING TROUBLE TO CLEAN UP HER DOCUMENT-AND-RAMEN-CUP-LITTERED DESK AND CONVERT IT INTO A DINNER TABLE WHILE FRANCIS SAT ON HIS FAT LAZY ASS AND SLEPT...

"So, what do you think about living down here in the Underground with me? Not to mention IN A FREAKING INDUSTRIAL HELL LIKE HOTLAND, no less?" Alphys asked Francis with an inquisitively glaring look on her face as the two of them shoveled their pasty, rubbery, fake-ass noodles into their mouths and had a contest to see who could slurp them down the most obnoxiously loudly.

"Oh, I dunno; personally, it seems pretty damned nice to me! I mean, yeah, sure, if I accidentally slip off of even ONE of the millions upon millions of f%#&ing precariously rocky cliffs around here, it'll more than likely cause me to either fall to my death or just simply fall into the vast lava sea down below and f%#&ing melt into nothingness like Gollum from Lord Of The Rings...but still, I'd much rather be HOT than cold, you know what I'm saying?" Francis replied unsurprisingly long-windedly, accentuating his usage of the word HOT with a sexy little muscular titty-bounce while Alphys rolled her eyes and nonchalantly continued eating in response.

"So anyway, where and how exactly would you like to f%#^ me, Francie?" Alphys asked, tilting her cup into her mouth, drinking her comically oversalted, MSG-loaded broth and wiping her mouth off sexily with her sleeve while making the classic Michael Jackson SHAMONE noise in the process.

"Does DOWN AND DIRTY ring any bells?" Francis asked Alphys as he drank his own disgustingly unhealthy broth, licked his lips and raised his eyebrows seductively at her.

"Oh, you'd better believe it DOES, you adorably disgusting little TRAMP!" Alphys smirked teasingly at him as the two of them extended their tongues out directly into each other and tied them together into a passionately loving, dripping, french-kissing knot.

ONE INCREDIBLY OBVIOUS LADY AND THE TRAMP REFERENCE LATER...

"Alright, there's just one really important thing I need to tell you before we go down this elevator; PLEASE do not tell ANYONE about this unless you absolutely HAVE to, capiche?" Alphys sternly warned Francis as the two of them walked into Alphys' obviously fake bathroom together and took the elevator straight down into her incredibly dilapidated and disturbing basement!

"Wow, what's THIS place? It looks like something out of an old sci-fi horror movie, and I absolutely freaking ADORE it!" Francis squealed with excitement as he and Alphys looked around anxiously at the dark, grimy, clammy, eerily foggy, and indeed heavily-dilapidated wreck of a laboratory surrounding them and heard some rather horrifying screams off in the distance.

"Holy sh%#, Alphys, where in the hell did you get THOSE badass sound effects?" Francis laughed uproariously with delight, slapping Alphys on the back so hard that it provoked her to savagely bitch-slap him right across his fat stupid face in response.

"Those AREN'T sound effects, you freaking MORON!" Alphys scolded Francis angrily as she grabbed him by the hand and reluctantly dragged him along with her through the ominously mysterious hallways of the (true) laboratory, causing numerous data-log screens on the walls to light up behind them in the process as Francis suddenly began to realize just how phenomenally f%#&ed-up of a character his new girlfriend really was even by adult game standards!

"Well then, exactly what in the hell ARE those utterly revolting and horrific demon noises coming from? More importantly, do I really even WANT to know in the first place?" Francis stammered nervously, his knees quivering like Jell-O as he and Alphys walked through the main lobby of the laboratory and made their way into the unsettlingly massive bedroom area, in which intriguingly numerous stock-model beds were all gathered together in grid formation.

"Those, my dear friend, are coming from those-that-must-not-be-named; in other words, the Amalgamates." Alphys sighed dejectedly, hanging her head in shame and weeping gently in both crippling shame and profound horror at the mere thought of what she had done to them.

"The Amalga-WHATS?" Francis asked curiously, scratching his head in confusion while Alphys, with a mere snap of her fingers, made all nine of the beds combine together into one big roughly-half-of-the-entire-room-sized bed, plopped herself down on it and reluctantly took her pajamas off, rendering herself completely naked while Francis drooled at the mouth, gently nosebled and shot her a lovingly winking thumbs-up of approval in response.

"To make a long story short, King Asgore told me I needed to find a way to bring my fellow monsters back to life after death through the power of a certain biological substance known as Determination, and so I wrangled up a bunch of dead generic-enemy bodies into this place you see right here (which previously belonged to another even creepier royal scientist named Gaster, just so you know) and injected them with the stuff in hopes that it would bring them BA-HA-HA-HAAACK!" Alphys explained and then suddenly cried out loudly in agonizingly painful sorrow, lying face-down and burying her head in her arms and sobbing gently.

"Aww, what's the matter, sweetie-PI? Sounds like they're all more or less FINE to me!" Francis giggled and blushed with intense flattery as he knelt onto the bed, scooped the poor girl up into his arms and cradled her lovingly. "There, there, sweetie, it'll all be okay...everything's going to be all right, don't worry..."

"FOR THE LOVE OF GOD, STOP IT ALREADY, YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE ME F%#&ING PUKE!" Alphys retched in disgust, forcing herself angrily out of Francis' loving embrace as she cleared her throat and reluctantly continued speaking, despite clearly already knowing the fact that neither Francis nor Burgerpants himself would ever truly be able to understand what she was feeling anyway.

"OH, and FURTHERMORE, just for the record, those things are NOT f%#&ing okay! Seriously, have you even f%#&ing SEEN what they look like now?!" Alphys yelled furiously, grabbing Francis by the shoulders, pressing her face sternly against his and shaking him violently in frustration.

"Um...NO?" Francis shrugged his shoulders and sighed awkwardly.

"Well..." Alphys sighed dejectedly, glancing off to the side and hanging her head ever-so-slightly in shame, "to make ANOTHER long story short, here's what happened to them: you see, the DT injections actually DID successfully bring the dead monsters back to life somehow...but then the absolutely unthinkable and more importantly unspeakable happened!"

"You see, at the time I wasn't aware that it took a relatively long time, like somewhere around three hours or so, for dead bodies to come back to life after being injected with determination; therefore, due to my impudent impatience, I just continued running around the laboratory, maniacally and repeatedly injecting everyone with determination like a complete and utter f%#&ing LUNATIC!" Alphys explained, clutching her head, hanging it in shame and gently crying in sadness.

"And what exactly WAS the result of that, might I ask?" Francis asked Alphys nervously, beginning to think that he really seriously did NOT want to see whatever she was currently telling him about.

"Basically, the poor things melted together into grotesque eldritch-abomination monstrosities from determination overdose, and the poor unfortunate original bodies that ended up making up their components were sadly never heard from again; to make matters even WORSE, their new forms

are literally SO f%#^ing hideous and terrifying that when I tried to finally man up, tell the truth to everyone and finally release the poor utterly revolting freaks of nature from this miserable place and return them back to their families once and for all, the central components' own freaking FAMILIES rejected them! And just to put the icing onto the absolute disaster cake, it was pretty much literally ALL because of me! NOW do you understand why I almost constantly act so goddamned DEPRESSED and IRRITABLE all the time?!" Alphys ranted and yelled frustratedly at Francis, shaking her fists at him and wiping her tear-soaked eyes (and face) with her sleeves while Francis himself suddenly broke out into a fit of hysterical sobbing and crying in response.

"OH MY GOD, IT'S THE SADDEST FREAKING STORY SINCE BAMBEE-HEE-HEE-HEE! WAAAAAAH!" Burgerpants wailed, sobbed and whined sarcastically through Francis' voice-control microphone like the total despicable asshole he kind of was, trying hard not to laugh while the poor guy himself did it for real, writhing about wildly and frantically pounding his fists and feet on the bed just like Alphys had done earlier with the floor upstairs in her regular laboratory...only for a much more mature, understandable and respectable reason this time, obviously.

"Anyway, with all that out of the way...despite everything I've done...you STILL want to f%#& me silly, don't you, you cheeky little man-slut?" Alphys sighed, winking at him teasingly as she placed her fingers on the inner walls of her gaping vagina and stretched out the opening to utterly ridiculous proportions, already causing Francis' dick to almost instantaneously go rock-hard.

"Um...okay, but first, I have something I really need you TO F%#&ING GROW THE F%#& UP, YOU GODDAMNED WORTHLESS WEEABOO-TRASH-F%#&ING PIECE OF FAT LAZY SH%#!" Francis blushed, sighed and then suddenly yelled furiously at Alphys, abusively whipping and lashing her right across the face with his tail, kicking her right over onto her back and brutally, repeatedly stomping on her with his right foot while she was down and squirming in pain.

"Hey, WHAT IN THE F%#& WAS THAT SH%# ABOUT, YOU GODDAMNED SH%#-EATING, PUSSY-LICKING MOTHERF%#&ER?!" Alphys got up and snapped right back at poor demonically-possessed Francis, brandishing her finger-claws threateningly at him and hissing like a viper.

"Burgerpants, this is officially the LAST f%#*ing time I'm TELLING you; FOR GOD'S SAKE, GET THE BLOODY HELL OUT OF MY GODDAMNED COCKPIT, WOULD YOU PLEASE?!" Francis yelled infuriatedly at Burgerpants, punching himself in the head and attempting to claw his skin off in frustration while Burgerpants just sat right where he was, in the poor bastard's brain, laughing his own head off with sadomasochistic delightful amusement while his poor victim trembled, bit his nails quivered his knees and clutched his poor, poor head helplessly in fear.

"Hee hee, you said-"

"NOW, FOR F%#&'S SAKE!" Francis yelled loudly at Burgerpants, crossing his arms over his chest and shaking his head in disgust while Alphys began racking her own brain for a way to get her poor boyfriend out of his utterly horrifying mind-control predicament at the hands of one of the Underground's absolute craziest, most profoundly degenerate motherf%#^ers!

"OH...oh, dear god, this is going to be so dreadfully embarrassing and humiliating...but at the rate things are going right now, I suppose there really IS pretty much no other choice..." Alphys sighed, hanging her head in shame and shuddering with fear as she reluctantly approached Francis (who was hopelessly sitting criss-crossed on the bed and hysterically sobbing, with his head buried deeply into his hands) and lovingly nuzzled his big, pudgy snout with her own.

"Um...Alphys, w-what are you doing?! Alphys, please don't subject yourself to this; y-you do KNOW that there HAS to be another way around this, RIGHT?!" Francis stammered in apprehensive terror as Alphys suddenly paused right in the literal middle of their nose-nuzzling session so that their nostrils were perfectly aligned with each other in a straight line. "Like, seriously, couldn't you just, oh I don't know, SHRINK YOURSELF or some sh%# like that?"

"Shh...don't worry, it'll all be over soon enough, my darling..." Alphys whispered lovingly to Francis, shedding several sympathetic tears as she glared seductively into her lover's handsomely bespectacled eyes.

"Oh, BURRRGERPANNNTS...FATTTHERRR...WHERE ARRRE YOUUU?" Alphys playfully teased Burgerpants, causing him to develop a massive erection just from the mere thought of what she was implying.

"COME TO PAPA!" Burgerpants yelled hysterically with excitement, panting like a dog and crying and screaming dementedly with glee as he finally ran right out of Francis' poor little head through his snotty, hairy right nasal cavity, then finally into Alphys' own head through her left one!

"Oh dear god, I can actually literally FEEL him making his way into my freaking central nervous system as we speak...believe it or not, this might actually be THE absolute scariest experience of my entire LIFE so far, and I DEFINITELY do not throw that statement around lightly, let me tell you!" Alphys stammered apprehensively, clutching her head tightly with her hands and curling up into a helpless little ball of fear and trembling in horror while Francis reluctantly watched in no-less-than-positively-equal horror, already beginning to feel even more terrible for the poor girl than he already had just a few minutes ago as she suddenly began to feel Burgerpants' painfully sharp-clawed footsteps atop her extremely delicate and sensitive little brain!

"OH DEAR GOD, HE REALLY HAS REACHED MY FREAKING BRAIN AFTER ALL! MAYDAY! MAYDAY! GOD HELP ME, PLEASE, THIS IS JUST ABSOLUTELY F%#&ING UNBEARABLY TERRIFYING ON SO MANY LEVELS!" Alphys had a sudden nervous breakdown and began screaming and crying hysterically as Burgerpants did a swan dive right into her poor spongy brain, causing her to shriek loudly in pain as he smugly, painfully strolled his way over to her central control computer and logged himself right in with the password MEWMEWKISSY CUTIE!

"OH SWEET CHRIST, HOW IN THE HELL DID HE ALREADY KNOW MY FREAKING PASSWORD?!" Alphys screamed in horror as Burgerpants excitedly reached over to the big red shiny button all the way over on the far-right edge of her massive supercomputer's dashboard!

"Oh come on, who in the hell WOULDN'T be able to guess your stinking password on their first try? I mean, seriously, just LOOK at this freaking place!" Francis rolled his eyes and sighed disappointedly at Alphys, hugging her gently with his left arm and gesturing around at all of the countless Mew Mew Kissy Cutie posters that she had lining her walls with his right while she just continued trembling in fear, not even caring enough or trusting herself enough at the moment to respond to him as Burgerpants reluctantly lowered his finger onto the button, closed his eyes tightly, wrestled violently against his better judgment and finally pressed it with all of his might, giving in shamelessly to his innermost humiliatingly perverted temptations!

"OH LORD, WHAT THE HELL'S HAPPENING TO ME...OH NO...SWEET GOAT-HUMPING JESUS, NO...PLEASE, FATHER, I'M DEARLY BEGGING YOU; ANYTHING BUT THIS, PLEASE!" Alphys put her hands together in prayer position and begged Burgerpants miserably, her eyes glistening with painful tears as her entire body suddenly converted itself from being fat, short and (actually really not) ugly into being tall, slender and the absolute sexiest thing alive!

"Hmm...actually, on second thought...which dainty little HOLE would you like to f%#& me in FIRST, my dearly beloved SLUT of a boyfriend?" Alphys playfully and blushingly teased Francis, putting her cat-paw hands on her smooth and slender hips, stroking them up her lovely hourglass-figured waist, caressing her soft and plump and veiny boobs with them, and stroking her gorgeously flowing, cat-eared, hot-pink anime hair as she crossed her long and slender legs and sassily wiggled the adorable little jellybean toes of her sexy little cat feet, cutely and seductively wagging her big fluffy cat-tail excitedly at him all the while.

"ALL OF THEM..." Francis (who had just passed out from sensory overload and fainted head-over-heels onto the floor from the sheer amount of nose blood that Alphys had just caused him to spray out) meekly lifted his right index finger up into the air and whispered exhaustedly.

"Oh sweet dearie me, this is going to be SO much fun..." Burgerpants whispered excitedly to himself as he sassily crossed his legs atop Alphys' central control dashboard, pulled out a pre-cooked tub of popcorn from his pants pocket and eagerly, un-hesitantly let the madness begin!

Chapter 10

ISAI SF 10

"OHH, YES...F%#&ING RAVAGE ME, SENPAI...RAVAGE ME LIKE YOU PRESUMABLY RAVAGE YOUR F%#^ING PRINCESS PEACH BODYPILLOW ALMOST EVERY SINGLE GODDAMNED NIGHT..." Alphys moaned intensely with arousal as Francis collapsed headfirst on top of her and erotically nibbled her quills with his adorably nerdy teeth while Alphys did the same to her.

"Oh, believe me, my equally weeaboo-garbage friend, I have PLENTY of such utterly delightful sexual plans for YOU, especially after what Burgerpants just turned you into!" Francis teasingly, seductively whispered back into her ear as he lovingly stroked her beautiful, glistening hair and playfully nibbled her adorable little cat ears while she lovingly stroked his hard, scaly nipples with her paws.

MEANWHILE, INSIDE ALPHYS' BRAIN...

"PHEW...man, this sh%#'s barely even STARTED yet, and I'm ALREADY freaking sweating my dear ever-loving BALLS off from how freaking HOT it is!" Burgerpants panted, moaned and gasped, pulling out a handkerchief from the (obviously unbuttoned and unzipped for fapping purposes at the moment) crotch area of his pants and wiping the glistening sweat off of his face with his left hand while passionately jerking off with his right.

"Oh, Alphys, you don't even realize how utterly beautiful and adorable you really are even when you're fat and horribly out-of-shape, do you?" Francis teased Alphys as the two of them lovingly cuddled each other and rolled back and forth atop the bed together, with Francis gracefully thrusting his firmly erect, rock-hard horse dick into Alphys' vagina while the two of them wetly and sloppily french-kissed each other.

"Of course I do, and that's a big part of why I absolutely freaking LOVE and adore you as much as you do; because you just make SUCH absolutely sickeningly wonderful and amusing observations, you silly goose!" Alphys laughed merrily, moaning and shrieking orgasmically as Francis roared a mighty Godzilla roar and filled her birth canal to the absolute brim with his love, slowly and smoothly pulling it out so that he could admire all of the adorable little cum strands.

"I mean, yes of course, you could also very easily argue that I'm quite the narcissist, which I suppose is relatively fair enough to assume!" Alphys giggled and blushed deeply with intense feelings of flattery as Francis reluctantly stretched her stinky unwashed vagina wide open and dug right in headfirst, eating his own cum and licking the crusty solidified fluid deposits right out of her birth canal and uterus with his insanely long-ass, dripping tongue while she just moaned with immense pleasure as Francis tickled over all of her vagina's most sensitive areas.

"All I know for sure right now is that OH MAN, THAT HITS THE G-SPOT..." Alphys blushed, moaned and panted, drooling buckets' worth of saliva and breathing with the force of a thousand suns as her vagina forcefully ejaculated a second time, spraying an astonishingly massive load of smegma-speckled girl-cum all over his face as he then immediately proceeded to lick every last crumb and drop of it right off, rubbing his belly and loudly burping with glee while Alphys got down onto her hands and knees, licked her lips and sneakily shoved his cock into her eagerly awaiting, toothy mouth.

"OHHHHH, YEAAAH...COME ON, BABY, SUCK THAT DELICIOUS LITTLE TOOTSIE-

POP...GO AHEAD AND FIND OUT HOW MANY GODDAMNED LICKS IT TAKES TO GET TO THE F%#^ING CENTER OF IT, FOR ALL I CARE..." Francis gasped and moaned with surprise, panting intensely with arousal as Alphys sucked and sucked and sucked like an anthropomorphic vacuum cleaner on Francis' delicious cucumber phallus, tonguing and orally stimulating his scaly, fleshy and hairy balls and gleefully licking all over and around his gloriously smooth, rock-solid and ever-so-wonderfully-long-and-veiny shaft.

"OOOH...AHHHHH...OHHHHHHH...UGGGGGGH...LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE JUST SUDDENLY TURNED THE TABLES RIGHT ON ME AGAIN, BECAUSE I THOUGHT THAT I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE MAKING YOU SQUIRM HERE..." Francis moaned, blushing humiliatedly while Alphys posed her naked body into a sexily curved posture, crossing her legs and caressing Francis' own legs lovingly and erotically with her cushiony-soft cat-paw hands as she diligently continued sucking his now-even-harder-than-a-freaking-solid-gold-diamond cock.

"Good, because you're so freaking ADORABLE when you're a total mess like this!" Alphys giggled.

"GOD DAMNIT, ALPHYS, HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO FREAKING TELL YOU THAT I'M NOT F%#&ING ADORABLE LIKE YOU ARE?! ALPHYS, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, ARE YOU EVEN F%#&ING LISTENING TO ME?!" Francis moaned angrily in despair, his eyes sparkling and his cheeks puffing out and glowing brightly pink with rage as Alphys continued to utterly humiliate him even further.

"YESSSSSS?" Alphys sang merrily and teasingly, raising her eyebrows at Francis, whose eyes were already beginning to swirl around even faster than normally as he very, very rapidly approached the point of climax.

"Hot DAMN, Alphys; I'm going to cum in like literally about FIFTEEN MORE SECONDS if you keep THIS up, ESPECIALLY at the rate you're going right NOW! COME ON, GO! GO! GO!" Francis enthusiastically cheered Alphys on as the two of them finally reached the blowjob home stretch.

"OOH...UGGGGGGH...AAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" Francis shrieked orgasmically at the tops of his dearly loving lungs as Alphys shoved his pulsating, throbbing erection into her mouth as far as it would go and chomped down viciously on the base of it with her big dorky buck teeth, officially delivering the coup-de-grace and causing Francis' phallic volcano to violently erupt a full cup of semen into her drooling mouth.

"HAAAAAH..." Alphys moaned, panted and drooled with pleasure, flamboyantly showing off all of the gooey, slimy, oozing, dripping, glistening strands of cum that her boyfriend had just left in her mouth as Burgerpants gigglingly pressed the FUTANARI button on her central control dashboard, causing her to suddenly grow the last upgrades she expected to be getting: an actual legit penis with testicles and everything, courtesy of his own incredibly perverted father!

"THANKS, DAD!" Alphys reluctantly complimented her otherwise absolutely despicable father for the life that she had just been given as Francis wiggled his long and sexy toes and immediately went straight for what would obviously be most effective of all: the footjob!

"GOOD HEAVENS, THAT MAKES MY COCK FEEL SO NICE...YEAH, COME ON, KEEP IT UP, DON'T YOU DARE FREAKING STOP...COME ON AND SHOW ME WHAT THOSE WEIRDLY GORGEOUSLY SHAPEN CHAMELEON FEET OF YOURS WERE REALLY MADE FOR..." Alphys moaned and blushed with embarrassment and delight as her loving boyfriend placed his equally lovely feet on the sides of her wad-spewing yellow submarine, curled

his toes passionately around its veiny, throbbing, pulsating shaft, and began pulling and stroking it up and down with them like there was no tomorrow!

"OH, THIS IS SO UTTERLY DISGUSTING...GOOD GOD, WHY AM I BEING SO FREAKING INSANELY TURNED-ON BY THIS RIGHT NOW...OHH, LORD, HAVE MERRRCY!" Alphys squealed nasally (and orgasmically) as her dick went completely insane and squirted out a heaping two-cup portion of gooey, creamy and sticky cum all over his luscious, glistening, sweat-dripping lizard soles.

"YEAH, COME ON, LICK THOSE BABIES...LICK THEM LIKE HOW A F%#&ING DOG LICKS STAMPS FOR ALL I CARE! COME ON, DON'T BE SHY, JUST FREAKING DO IT ALREADY!" Francis sternly (yet teasingly) commanded Alphys, extending out his legs and pressing his cum-slathered, sploodge-dripping, sweat-soaked soles forcefully against her face.

"OHH, SWEAT HEAVENS, THEY TASTE SO ABSOLUTELY SCRUMPTIOUS AND THEY JUST LOOK SO UNBEARABLY GODDAMNED SEXY...LIKE DAINTY LITTLE CHOCOLATES WITH EVEN DAINTIER LITTLE FOOT-SHAPED CHERRIES INSIDE..."

Alphys moaned and panted, blushing and drooling immensely as she licked and licked and drooled and salivated all over Francis' unbelievably sexy soles all the way up (and down) from the heels to the toes (and vice versa) and even providing exquisitely detailed and professionally delicate tongue care to everything in between (mostly just the balls and arches), even going as far as to suck his long, slender toes!

"This little piggy went to the Underground through an amazingly contrived plot device!" Alphys sang and winked teasingly at Francis as he lovingly, passionately sucked his right right toe.

"This little piggy met the girl from whom he had evidently been separated at birth!" Alphys continued singing as she lovingly, passionately sucked Francis' right middle toe.

"This little piggy started out as a complete f%#&ing no-life manchild douchebag with absolutely no goddamned friends to speak of whatsoever!" Alphys continued singing as she lovingly, passionately sucked Francis' right left toe.

"This little piggy went out on the craziest (and hopefully first) real date of his entire life with me!" Alphys continued singing as she lovingly, passionately sucked Francis' left right toe.

"This little piggy lazily sat and watched anime made for children about one-third of his age with me when he clearly should have been going to f%#&ing bed and getting some goddamned sleep for sh%#'s sake!" Alphys continued singing as she lovingly, passionately sucked Francis' left middle toe.

"And now here this little piggy is, already having the sex of his life with me even though I'm basically HALF HIS FREAKING AGE and we've literally only JUST MET on top of that!" Alphys finally finished singing as she lovingly, passionately sucked on Francis' left left toe before finally wetly and sloppily smooching the lovely balls and tops of both of them, lovingly massaging both feet with her thumbs, wrapping both of them right up in her arms and gave them a nice, warm lizard hug, complete with a heaping portion of adorably servile toe-nibbling on her part.

"OHH, ALPHYS...HOW I TRULY LOVE TO LICK YOUR CREAMY TITTIES..." Francis moaned happily as he tackled Alphys face-up onto the bed and lovingly sucked her gorgeous boobs until copious portions of milk squirted from them right into his mouth, then gallantly shoved his still-fully-erect penis into her cleavage as she promptly grabbed her boobs with her big, fluffy cat paws and used them to stroke it up and down until it finally let loose its creamy fluid all over her face, prompting him to then immediately bury her entire face in his mouth and erotically lick it all

over.

"Come on, big boy, make my sh#%hole PROUD! Early nerd gets the WORM, am I right?!"

Alphys laughed maniacally as she literally turned her smooth, sexy back on Francis, got down on her hands and knees and lifted up her long, fuzzy cat tail as far as it could go, fully revealing and exposing her almost impossibly tight, firm, soft, tender and plump-cheeked ass (which she then proceeded to teasingly slap and shake at him while seductively raising her eyebrows and temptingly lowering her eyelids), complete with the lovely little tailhole and everything!

"You betcha!" Francis snickered as he got down on his knees and began violently ramming his seemingly infinitely cum-supplied erection straight into Alphys' bunghole, causing her to throw her head back and moan through her nose with glee!

"OHH, YEAH, COME ON, RAM ME SILLY, FRANCIE!" Alphys moaned loudly, breathing heavily and panted like a dog with pleasure, already beginning to feel her butt tearing as her eyes started to water.

"YEAH, THIS IS MY F%#&ING AMAZONIAN SWAMP, BITCH!" Francis laughed uproariously as he continued shoving his sore, tender, aching exhausted penis right up Alphys' sh%#-smelling anal cavity as if his entire sad weeaboo life depended on it; all the while, the poor girl was pushing agonizingly against the green giant's extreme force, desperately wanting to please Francis.

"OH MY GOD, YOU ARE THE ABSOLUTE GREATEST LOVE INTEREST I HAVE EVER HAD IN MY ENTIRE GODDAMNED LIFE! LITERALLY BETTER THAN BOTH PRINCESS PEACH, TOKYO MEW MEW AND BOKU NO PICO COMBINED, DARE I SAY!" Francis threw his head back melodramatically, roared valiantly and ranted out a mighty nerd rant as he filled Alphys' butt all the way into the small intestines with his creamy, gooey, sticky, smelly love, passing out and unconsciously fainting face-down onto the bed from sexual overexhaustion as a result.

"Now I just need to finally deliver the coup-de-grace, and then we'll both be ALL done here!" Alphys giggled and blushed merrily as she crawled in-between Francis' legs, lifted up his tail to reveal his also-amazingly tight, firm, soft, plump and tender chameleon ass cheeks, and eagerly began shoving her own newly acquired dick right up his sh%#&y, hairy, pimply tailhole while lovingly squeezing and rubbing the cheeks with her hands (causing him to lovingly smile in his sleep, of course).

"OHH, YOU'RE SUCH A F%#&ING ASSHOLE...AND NOW I'M LITERALLY F%#&ING YOUR ASSHOLE AT FULL FORCE...AND I LITERALLY COULD NOT POSSIBLY BE HAPPIER ABOUT THIS THAN I AM RIGHT NOW...OH...OHH, DEAR...OHHHHHHHHH, YEAAAAHHHHH!" Alphys moaned orgasmically as she squirted out a metric crap-ton of girl-cum into Francis' lovely little anus, blushing glowingly and bright-redly across her entire face as she struggled not to pass out like Francis just had.

"WORDS LITERALLY CANNOT EXPRESS HOW FLIPPING HOT YOU ARE, FRANCIS...AT LEAST, NOT THE NON-PUN-RELATED ONES, THAT IS!" Alphys laughed, drooling and panting with excitement as she flipped Francis over onto his back, collapsed face-down onto his cozy muscular chest and slept there for the rest of the entire night, lovingly licking his dainty little nipples in the process.

"Well, THAT...was certainly...something..." Burgerpants reluctantly scraped his jaw off of the floor (of Alphys' brain) and sighed exhaustedly, smearing the ginormous explosion of creamy, sticky cum that his dick had just splashed all over the screen of Alphys' central control computer

into yet another disgustingly sloppy heart shape and fainting head-over-heels onto the floor, where he was then found by Undyne and sent to jail shortly thereafter!

THE NEXT AFTERNOON, AT THE LOCAL SNOWDIN PRISON...

"SO...FREAKING...WORTH IT..." Burgerpants sat alone and miserably in the corner of his jail cell, sucked his thumb and cried dementedly to himself while Alphys and Francis just stood there on the other side of the bars and looked at him, shaking their heads and sticking their tongues in disgust.

"So THIS is what fanfiction writers have become...absolutely f%#&ing SICKENING, if I do say so myself!" Alphys spat in disgust, angrily shooting Burgerpants the middle finger and crossing her arms over her now-unusually-fat chest.

"Meh, who CARES how disturbingly obsessed these creeps are with you? I mean, after all, at least it means you got yourself a wonderful new boyfriend, am I RIGHT?!" Francis chuckled merrily, crossing his legs sassily and patting Alphys on the shoulder with a reassuring wink.

"Oh, how I yearn for death's sweet embrace..." Alphys sighed as he reluctantly accepted Francis' loosely implied offer and lovingly french-kissed him, knowing for a fact that she had just sacrificed the true love of her life, Undyne, for...whatever in the actual f%#& this guy was supposed to be (personality-wise) other than literally just a comically bad stereotype of herself.

And aren't those just the BEST types of friends, especially for romantic relationships?

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